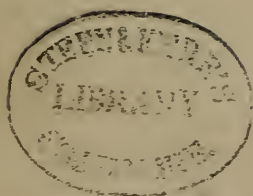


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VAGA.



A NOVEL.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.



VAGA;

OR,

A VIEW OF NATURE.

A Nobel.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

MRS. PECK,

AUTHOR OF THE MAID OF AVON, WELCH PEASANT BOY,
YOUNG ROSINIÈRE, &c.

“ At length Sancho said to his master, ‘ Please, Sir, to ask Mr. Ape, whether the affair of the Cave be true? for begging your Worship’s pardon, I don’t believe a word of it.’—The Monkey being accordingly consulted, the answer was, *that part was true, and part false.*”

SECOND EDITION.



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LEADENHALL-STREET.

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Wm. H. Burleigh

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VAG A;

OR

A VIEW OF NATURE.

CHAPTER 6.

CAPTAIN SWAGGERARO had taken up his quarters at an hotel, where, having dined alone, he was sitting over his wine, when the waiter inquired—

“ Captain! are you visible?”

“ To a dun—never.”

“ But, then, to a gentleman of quality, sir?”—

“ Always,” interposed the captain, “ ready to meet my man.”

Edwy's new friend, now introduced;
" Captain Swaggeraro," said he, " I
have the honour—

" Pray be seated, sir."

" Report," resumed the old gentleman, " is a masked battery—

" Fire away, sir!" interrupted the officer.

" That little ugly affair, this morning, captain—

" You mistake, sir; she is as beautiful as an angel!"

" Ay, captain; and perhaps nearly as good."

" Good!—Ha! ha! ha!—Who the devil ever thought of a woman's goodness?—Lord! sir! *such* as I, always leave that to *such* as you."

" Your politeness, captain—

" Is entirely at your service, sir."

" Well then, captain, as you promise so freely, I have no doubt of

your performing fairly. . . . The young gentleman, Mr. Edwy—

“ We exchanged cards, sir.”

“ Yes; and I bear the provoke for you to exchange shots in the morning.”

“ Ay!” replied the captain, “ he was good enough to say, that he would do me the—honour.”

“ What! to blow you out of the world?” interposed the old gentleman, dryly.

“ Possibly, sir, he or I shall do the thing—that’s certain.”

“ Captain! Did this young man ever injure you?”

“ Yes, sir! ‘ Touch my honour, touch my life.’”

“ Captain Swaggeraro, I am Mr. Edwy’s friend; and it is requisite that I be made acquainted by you, why and wherefore this fracas may not be

accommodated without having recourse to serious measures."

"Sir," replied the officer, "the ladies declare that there is a small spice of gallantry among us soldiers—and I have never been uncivil to a woman in my life.—Then, sir, when I chanced to report in the coffee-room, this morning, having paid my court to a lovely creature, a word, sounding something like a scoundrel, was whispered in my ear, sir; and we military men are extremely tenacious, sir."

"Captain Swaggeraro, there are many counterfeits in the present day; and false honour is perhaps the most current."

"You may be very edifying, sir: however, the light you pretend to throw, has not, as yet, assisted me to see my way clearer than before."

“ I am sorry for it,” replied the old gentleman, “ as I did entertain a hope, that I should convince you.”

“ A sermon is somewhat novel to me,” said the captain. “ Go on, sir: I beg I may not interrupt you.”

“ Well then, captain, as you are so very indulgent, perhaps you can supply me with a text.”

“ A good shot! sir.”

“ Ay! captain! And, now, suppose I take aim.—A man of *honour*, in this our modern era, if he *ruin* a gentleman’s wife, or his daughter,—it matters not which way,—is willing to afford him every satisfaction in his power, is he not?”

“ Doubtless! He must be a rascal, else.”

“ And of what nature is this satisfaction, captain?”

“ A *meeting*, to be sure.”

“ Ay !” replied the old gentleman, “ with a pistol in one hand—and a sword in the other.”

“ Admirably *hit* ! upon honour,” said the captain.

“ But what if the aggressor should kill his *aggrieved* opponent ?”

“ A *flourish* of *fashion*—a *tale* for the *times* !” said the captain.

“ Young man ! — Young man ! Think, if this wife, or this daughter, were yours.”

“ I should *die* for them, sir, as I trust Mr. Edwy will *die* for his fair one to morrow.”

“ Not by your hand, I swear !” said the elderly gentleman, rising—“ No ! a single hair on that dear boy’s head shall not be harmed, while the *old man* has a life to give away in his service ; for I’ll fight you myself ! And should you welter in the blood of the

father, you can say to my orphan daughter—

“ Daughter! sir!” interposed the captain. “ Is the young lady your daughter?”

“ Yes, sir! the child of my bosom! —Yet, though you sought the ruin of her character—attacked with foul-mouthed slander her good name—I would have *spared* you, in order that you might learn *humanity* of me! But, since you thirst for blood, sir, in the course of a few hours, perhaps, a stream from your heart may flow beneath my avenging arm—for I have been a soldier, trained to war—and, though my young days are gone by, believe me, the veteran will not flinch from his duty.”—So saying, taking his hat, he resentfully hurried away; but, overtaken by the captain at the street door—

“ Sir !” said he, in a tone of concession, “ you are my senior ; and, as I have provoked you, I beg your pardon ; and for having made your daughter a subject of public discussion, I am no less ready to offer to *you* a public apology.”

The old gentleman’s countenance brightened. He took the officer’s offered hand ; and heartily shaking it :—

“ Well said, soldier !” said he : “ and now, as you have suffered yourself to be convinced, by an old man, that you were wrong ; I hope you will also, as the *amende honorable*, forget your late difference with Mr. Edwy, and I shall gladly officiate as mediator between you.”

The captain, extremely shocked, drew back :—“ Sir !” said he, “ do you take me for a coward ?”

“ Rash young man, hear me !—

(and the old soldier fixed his hand to his breast).—That you can stand your ground, your country's battles have made honourable mention of.—In Egypt you were foremost in the post of danger; and, oh! that the spirit of combat had terminated in that glorious fight! a fatal duel had not then marked the hero with defeat, even in the arms of victory: for I call it no triumph to murder a fellow-being, in the pursuit of mere bloodshed! . . . To follow that phantom, honour," continued he, "how many glorious fellows voluntarily quit their peaceable homes, and encounter the fatigue and perils of war! How many millions of lives, from the beginning to the present day, have been sacrificed in the field, to the ambition of princes!—A practice, justifiable only on one principle: that, as the amputation of a diseased limb contri-

butes to the preservation of the body, an evil, in itself, may be productive of good! The balance of power is essential to the welfare and tranquillity of all nations; and the preservation of it is at once indispensable and equitable. The least is always overwhelmed by the greatest: and when the good of the whole is at stake, individual interest must give way.—Justice is the bond between sovereigns and their subjects: and the parties, in support of this law, at the call of a weak, oppressed nation, hand in hand must assist, with their blood and treasure, to repulse innovation, and redeem the right of the state.—The flames of war, when thus kindled, glow with the fervour of humanity; and, when glory unfurls her banner, who would not fight, and die, in such a cause?—We, at least, know not of the dastard; for

Ireland's sons, born and trained within a grove of laurel, are the natural champions of their king and country! But, as to the *duellist*," proceeded the speaker, vehemently; "marked, like Cain, with the blood of his brother—how stained is his track on earth! Young man! one victim has already bled, to appease your sanguinary spirit!—(the captain shuddered).—Think on that fatal rencontre!—Think, when life stood quivering on that poor youth's lips, (for I happened to ride by at the instant,) how you humbled yourself to the dust, and, on your knees, washed with the tears of repentance the wound in his heart your hand had made—and think, when he died, how often you were heard to say, that, had you a thousand lives, you would lay them down, to give back the existence you had taken!"

The officer turned his head aside, and, covering his face with his handkerchief—"Oh! I am touched!" cried he. "Leave me, sir, or indeed I shall play the boy again."

"The tears of a brave man," replied the sage, "resemble the diamond in its dew:—but, if you are ashamed, I'll hide this *first water* in my bosom!—Come!" (seeing the captain excessively affected), "I have operated on you as a skilful surgeon; and, having extracted the venom, it now becomes my object, if possible, to perfect the cure.—Henceforward, then, regard the death of your unfortunate adversary as a crown of olives—cultivate peace, as some restitution to his manes, and never again draw your sword in a private quarrel."

Unqualified as I am to speak on the important subject of *duelling*, I shall

not presume to offer my opinion on the practice, although with diffidence I may be permitted to lament its dreadful effects.—It appears to me, that whatever involves the legal security of the subject, is contrary to the spirit of our glorious constitution!—Magna Charta, the good genius of England, under whose fostering wing she has been conducted to a zenith of greatness unparalleled in the world, is the protecting power, equally, of the peer and the peasant; and, on a general moral ground, duelling is subversive of the wholesome expediency of its laws.—The duellist at once assumes to himself the functions of judge and executioner!—He pronounces sentence, and at the same instant inflicts capital punishment, without trial! which is contrary to the established articles of justice; and, as an abuse of

the law, calls loudly on the government of the country for correction. The right of *property* is vested in the bosom of the British constitution ; and surely the *life* of the subject is, at least, of equal importance.—That severe and rigorous laws exist against this destructive, but petty warfare, I am not to be told. But, then, a question remains :—Are they acted upon? Are they put in force?—No! humanity forbid it!—for there is a line of distinction to be drawn between the common murderer, and the man who, in single combat, braves death, rather than submit to the aspersion of cowardice—(too often misapplied by erroneous opinion)—and, in fact, perpetrates crime, in order to avoid the stigma in question.—As far as my reading has informed me, the practice of duelling was unknown to the heroes

of antiquity. The chieftains of Greece and Rome could decide their private quarrels without bloodshed: and this mild and forbearing spirit, in what is called *barbarous* times, is, in my mind, a reproach on *modern* refinement.—The heathen nations (though eternally disgraced by their gladiatorial exhibitions) are said to have been unacquainted with the practice of duelling; and that it never was introduced until many centuries after the establishment of Christianity. That a practice should arise during the enlightened era of Christianity so opposite to its benign doctrines, can only be accounted for by supposing, that those who had recourse to the baneful custom, were unacquainted with the precepts which the religion of Christ inculcated; or that they were influenced by the superstitious belief, that the su-

preme Being acted as guardian of the injured, and would cause victory to decide in favour of the innocent, while the guilty were certain of defeat.—The religious ceremonies which were practised on such occasions, demonstrate the notion entertained, in those days, relating to the influence of the Almighty on the combatants; who were obliged to go through all the formalities of their faith, at the foot of the altar, before they entered the lists for the fight.

It is well known that modern duelling took its rise in the year 1527, sanctioned by the example of two great monarchs—Charles the Fifth, and Francis the First:—the Emperor having, in consequence of the breach of a treaty, publicly accused the honour and integrity of the French king; who, highly incensed, demanded pri-

vate satisfaction : and Charles accepting the challenge, arrangements were made for the duel—afterwards accommodated, without weapons, between these two mighty sovereigns!—However, the peaceable negotiation had no sort of effect on the wayward minds of men ; while the hostile disposition evinced by the royal antagonists, produced the most fatal consequences throughout Europe.—That duelling is now generally condemned by church and state, these countries, and almost every other, will bear me witness. What does the learned and humane Doctor Milner say ? The following is an extract from his invaluable treatise :—

“ O for an intelligent and active
“ member of either house of parlia-
“ ment, who is ambitious of glory by
“ saving the lives of his fellow citi-

“ zens, or who is touched with com-
“ passion for the still recurring dis-
“ tress of parents, wives, and children;
“ or who is inflamed with true zeal
“ to prevent the accumulation of
“ moral guilt! Such a one would cer-
“ tainly accomplish the great work
“ wanted. To lay a proper restraint
“ upon duellists, let them be attacked
“ in their honour and property: let
“ all funeral honours whatsoever, and
“ even the claim of being interred in
“ a common burying-ground, be in-
“ terdicted, with respect to the body
“ of the person who falls in a duel;
“ and let the surviving duellist be
“ declared incapable of serving his
“ country in any rank whatever.
“ Let one half of his property, or
“ income, as rated by a jury, be for-
“ feited; or, at least, sequestrated for
“ his life.—In a word, humiliation

“ and degradation are the proper
“ remedies for a vice which originates
“ in pride and vanity.”

Captain Swaggeraro's temper was hot, but not vindictive, and, when gently managed, to be appeased. The old gentleman had the address to impress his mind with a proper sense of the affront he had given to Edwy; and, as he was the aggressor, by his arguments soon convinced him, that an apology, instead of staining his courage, would stamp his reputation, in the estimation of the worthy and the wise: and the necessary concession being made to Edwy, an amicable interview took place between the parties.

Edwy, scrupulously delicate in his nature, and always tender of Vaga's peace, never breathed a syllable of the late transaction. His mind was now

busied in considering how his fond regard might be rendered most useful to its object; and to this important point his every thought was directed.

Though fixed in his determination to make a willing sacrifice of the darling pleasure he experienced in Vaga's society, to the recovery and future preservation of her character; still had he so much of human nature, that the triumph over his affections cost him dear.—His nights were sleepless, his days gloomy and thoughtful:—the mental anguish he suffered, was depicted in his countenance; and the fine bloom upon his cheek faded, in a single instant, beneath the writhing blight of the heart.

Such was his situation, when Vaga was pronounced by the doctors well enough to leave her room. She had been attacked with a low fever, and

the influence on her spirits was still perceptible.—In receiving Edwy, her manner wore an evident reserve; and though with eyes speaking admiration she continued to regard him, the change in her conduct impressed him deeply.

That Vaga cherished sentiments highly favourable to Edwy's manifest partiality for her, is obvious from their first meeting.—Qualities, such as he possessed, were formed to attract such a woman; and the charm operated at once powerfully and durably.—Excellence was always the acknowledged worship of our heroine's soul, and the idol had now made its way to her heart.—This prepossession, at the same time, was so regulated by the purity of her mind, that she was not aware of her danger until it was too late for resistance. . . . But the detection came

frightfully armed against the mutual peace of the lovers.—Innocence started from her slumber,—not at the call of joy—but alarmed by horrid reproach! And happy love, thus scared—

“ Night, even in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of your fate.”

In fine, Vaga's happiness was transferred into the keeping of another, ere she was apprised that it had been threatened by any.—Yet this loss was not the true cause of her uneasiness, since the election she had made must be approved by virtue and judgement: but that alone could not constitute her felicity, while thoughts, that came near home, brought self-conviction that she was not at liberty to make a choice, having sacred duties to fulfil.

It was this care that preponderated in Vaga's manners and conduct; im-

parting to each the tincture of a melancholy chagrin, that pained and offended her lover, because conscious that his affection merited better.

“ Alas ! ” thought he, “ Vaga’s reserve increases. She studiously avoids my conversation ; is displeased at my attentions ; and even shuns my presence when she can. I have not forfeited, by any act of mine, her good opinion ; and, in spite of herself, my gratitude and constancy shall compel her, in time, to feel conscious, that her treatment of me has not accorded with the general worth of her character, or my deserving. But,” continued he, “ she is cruel only to be kind ; for she always means well.—Yes ! she knows my heart, and fears its weakness ; ’tis therefore she restrains her natural disposition, and denies herself the satisfaction of soothing a wretch-

edness, and pain of mind, she well comprehends; but which, in her wisdom and compassion, she could wish were surmounted.—She is aware, that our situations, distinctly considered, forbid me to aspire to call her mine. Yet her angelic tenderness would spare me. . . . No! she cannot prevail on herself to pass the dreaded sentence—even though she meditates my doom! —But she shall find, that what she took for weakness in me, is sensibility; that she has taught me the bitterest of lessons—mortification; that I have also learned true greatness from her; and that, as I must not *live* with her, I shall reconcile myself, at least, to *die* for her! . . . Ay! I hear the prophetic warning, and it strikes like death to my heart! Yet, in parting from her, I shall meet my fate with fortitude, and say to my

heart: ‘Burst!—but avoid the meanness of complaint!’” . . . Here, relapsing again.—“ Oh, Vaga!” cried he, “ where is my boasted firmness?—Is it not enough, that your want of confidence in my truth has humbled and sunk the being once exalted by your condescension? Must my understanding fall also?—When I take my leave for ever, Vaga, too late, will reproach herself. But I submit, and shall bless and love her not the less.—Besides, so long as Vaga continues well, and happy, have I not reason to be thankful and grateful to Providence?

This reflexion calming the youth’s mind, he went, for the last time, to visit his fair friend; and glancing slightly at his intended departure, said, he was going into the country for a few days.

Vaga started—though she little apprehended, at the moment, that Edwy had decided they should meet no more.

Her lover neither attempted to conceal his agitation nor his tenderness: both were manifest: and the tears, which he more than once struggled to repress, so pained and confused her, that she anxiously wished the interview at an end. But, when the youth rose to go, the dread of something seemed to possess her; and looking timidly towards the door, she besought him to stay—and, when he pronounced the word, farewell! still reluctant to part, she would willingly have prolonged the adieu:—but Edwy's virtuous resolution was invincible as her own.—An idea had insinuated itself into his mind, that his

spirit could not brook. It struck him, that it was on his poverty she now looked coldly; and that the neglect she had latterly evinced, was meant to rebuke presumption; for his disturbed imagination, keeping the dark side, suggested, that she ungenerously charged him with avaricious designs on her person and fortune; and that she suspected he was intent on taking a base advantage of her apparent partiality, under the existing reports.

It was these suppositions that imposed an indignant silence upon Edwy, at the same instant that they furnished him with strength to fly—when he had yet the power successfully to pursue.—So true it is, that a noble mind will sooner break than bend.

Edwy had been about five days ab-

sent, when Vaga received from him the annexed

LETTER.

“ The ocean is not the only barrier between Vaga and Edwy.—Imperious fate has separated us; but my love can never leave you.—My heart is full; yet it shall utter no complaint.—May God forgive them who have thus wantonly robbed me of happiness, without enriching themselves! even though they do not deserve the charity at my hands.—Vaga! Edwy, long tossed on a tumultuous sea of sorrow, gained the harbour of peace at last, and your heart was his shelter.—But this citadel has been insidiously assailed; and your surrender of your friend casts him again on the angry wave, from whence so lately he

escaped! However, Heaven attends the voyager in his course; and, though the rude blast rages, the trim vessel resists its fury, and keeps its direction true.—Thus, my Vaga, might Edwy—though by the discordant elements driven from you—suffer, without yielding to the storm, did the smiler, Hope, animate him in the conflict: but, alas! I must turn my eyes no more that way the warrant for my exile shuts out all prospect, for Vaga's lost confidence condemns me to perpetual gloom.—Yes! my friend, estranged from thee, what have I to live for?—The world is my prison; and life, a sleep of death!—But, if Vaga has broken my heart, affection itself shall not subdue my spirit!—No! I shall not strive to regain what I feel I have not deserved to lose! Neither is it my wish to give unnecessary trouble.—Suspicion is injurious; and

altercation is no less detestable.—I am tenacious of wounding Vaga. Whatever my griefs, never shall they inflict pain on her heart.—Though ignorant of my offence, if she deems me guilty, it is not for me to question the authority of my judge, for Vaga is just, and good!—The fault, then, must be mine. I hope it is, as I would rather condemn myself, than her. Yet, though the semblance of friendship may cease between us, let not my truth be blotted from Vaga's memory; for I shall adore her excellence, until all motion is extinct in my heart; and the pangs of my dying hour will be soothed by the reflexion, that she is happy!—In heaven, I hope, we shall meet again, as malice cannot pursue us there.—Meanwhile, be it remembered, that Edwy, as well as Vaga, has sacred duties to fulfil. Our strength is liable to degenerate into

weakness, unless well sustained. The indulgence of affection has been known to absorb every other feeling of friendship and of duty, and might make me forgetful of my kindred. Hence, Providence arranges for me. I am going in search of honours and independence: and should fame and fortune smile lavishly upon me, I'll fly from admiring multitudes, and lay my trophies at Vaga's feet; prouder of her approbation, than of fame, honours, riches, and all the world can give!—Yes! Edwy's gratitude and love shall float on every passing gale—my voice shall proclaim Vaga's virtues, and increase her fame:—and, oh! that my truth might charm an angel down to watch over Vaga, the favourite of Virtue!

“ EDWY.”

“ Holyhead, December 20th, 1801.”

Astonishment, and sorrow, took from Vaga every power of exertion. She remained motionless for several minutes; then hastily perusing the letter again; pride internally failing her,—and tenderness all triumphant,—she gave way to a passion of tears.

“ The punishment due to the guilty,” cried she, “ my cruelty and injustice inflicted on the innocent! and I am justly chastized.—Noble young man !” continued Vaga ; “ your worth, and generosity, are not better known to your own heart, than to mine !—I never sullied the purity of your principles by a doubt. — Vaga had no fears of Edwy !—It was from the finger of scorn I shrunk ; and I shall hate and reproach my coward heart as long as I live !—But, devoured by

remorse, I shall not bear my burden long.—Yes! my friend, we will meet again, in happier climes; where, freed from mortal coil and strife, innocence and love will unite us for ever!—A chaplet of roses shall crown the temporary probation of your heart; and immortal joy be your high reward!—Go, then, dear youth; proceed in your righteous course: and should impediments, or vexations, retard your progress, lay your cares at the foot of the cross;—and the God of nature will bear a part; ‘for his yoke is easy, and his burden is light.’”

A messenger was now despatched to Edwy's lodgings; but no trace of him remained. His venerable mother, and her orphan grandson, accompanied him to his native shores: where he experienced, that the smiles of parental affection and gratitude can

cheer and enliven even the solitude of the heart.

Stricken by disappointment and grief, Vaga's heart closed against every sensation of mirth and joy. A sense of injury, cruel as undeserved, fixed her on the defensive with mankind. Disgusted with the world, a repugnance to mix with society made her shun the festive arms of social pleasure and rational amusement. Those scenes, in which her mind was wont to take delight, her afflicted spirit tinged with its own melancholy—and her sense of joy withered into premature decay. She turned from its influence, to hide, in seclusion, the dejection that oppressed her; and, like the wounded deer, bearing the arrow with her:

“ There, hid in shades, and wasting day by day,

“ Inly she bleeds, and pants her life away.”

But the following letter, from Bathmendi, applied a speedy cure to the canker in her heart.

“ To VAGA.

“ That noble suffering, which feels misfortune deeply, without sinking beneath it, is the true test of the mind!—Courage is not confined to mere personal bravery. It is a mental power, equal to resist every form, danger and calamity can assume. Its triumphs are, at once, public and private. The armed enemy recoils from its front.—But, when man contends with his own passions; how much more glorious the victory—when he subdues an host in himself! —That you have been accused, I allow:—and by whom? Envy, vapid and splenetic!—But true greatness distinguishes the object of its wrath,

and is too proud to take revenge on an impotent adversary: and He, who made himself human, for our reform and preservation, and whose word is truth—said, that the virtuous should flourish, and the ‘wicked be confounded!’—Will Vaga, then, shut her ears to the divine voice, and hearken only to the hissings of the serpent?—Will Vaga nurture the scorpion, Despair, in her bosom; and deny admittance to the friendly smiler, Hope?—Shake off the viper, ere it gnaws you to death! and seek joy, in time, for the period in your hand is precious! I would not treat Vaga’s gentleness roughly: rather let me temper the angry squall by a soft and genial ray of heavenly favour! When tears chill the blushes on your cheeks, be my affection a warm sun to dry them! When fond regret

fills your heart, let my love rise on the dark cloud, and disperse it!—Oh, Vaga! the flower has been torn from the stem; yet are we one essence—and I feel that we shall again commingle!—Then, hush your sighs, and weep no more.—But, should Vaga consign herself to the spoiler, Sorrow; should Vaga die—I'll hie me to her grave, and perish with her!

“ BATHMENDI.”

“ Dublin, January 20th, 1802.”

This nervous address gave to Vaga a second birth.—Roused from the influence of a depression that dishonored her, reason and reflexion resumed their empire in her mind.

“ I have been to blame,” said she: “ but amendment is never too late.—A woman who loves as I do, is either

blessed, or undone, by her passion; and her fate depends on herself.—The warm glow of affection purifies and makes feeling virtuous;—or, consuming the intellectual faculty, how brutal and destructive is its fire!—Dear Edwy, as your excellence has inspired, so it alone should fix the admiration and attention of love. I should never think of you, but as a bright example of imitation. Your heroic fortitude and energy are a bitter reproach to my weak, repining spirit: but the object distinguished by you—must, at least, make an effort to answer your expectations of her.—No! my heart's beloved! if I cannot bring you happiness, I shall never kindle the blush of shame upon your cheek! If I cannot impress your heart with approbation, I'll not prepare it to despise me.—Unavailing repining shall no longer dis-

grace either you or myself. My bosom, when it heaves,—at the same time that it betrays the weakness of female nature,—shall exhibit an example of patient suffering. Though you are lost to me, I am not deprived of the pleasure of loving you. My affection is with you, and my soul ever in pursuit of you!—Yes! I look for you continually, and I always find you: —I see you in every spot; I hear your whispers in every breath: and these delusions of the heart cheat the real lover into a state of imaginary bliss! Let past complaint be forgotten, and future fortitude remembered.—Yes! my valued friend! I'll mount with you on the wings of your fame; and in the blaze of your glory consume every selfish object! Then, dear Bathmendi, be at rest!”

Measures were now taken, prepara-

tory to Vaga's intended tour:—and all arrangements made, in a few days,—accompanied by Chili, and the respectable matron, Benigma, with a suitable train,—she passed over to Holyhead; and there having safely landed, next morning set forward on her way to the British capital.

The ancient Mona, now the Isle of Anglesea,—famous in Welch history, as being the seat of the druidical institutions and worship,—is not remarkable for rich valleys, although the soil is esteemed productive. As the traveller advances into the country, wood, clothing the verdant hills, furnishes the view—hitherto awfully sublime, now strikingly beautiful. The inn, at Bangor ferry, is pleasantly situated; and the harper (according to custom), after dinner played several ancient Welch airs; with which our heroine

and her party were greatly delighted, as they were not too refined to enter into the feelings of the national musician. In the evening they took a ramble into the town, built chiefly of stone,—one of the natural productions of Wales; and having chanced on several distressed objects, for, alas! they are to be found every where; Vaga's bounteous heart, and liberal hand, supplied them with means to purchase many necessary comforts.

“ Penmanmawr, the high mountain in Caernarvonshire, was the next object that attracted the wanderer's attention, when crossing its edge. This great rock is worthy the observation of the curious. Its pendent appearance, over-hanging the precipice below, and, as it were, braving the yawning deep, that washes the huge base of the cliff,

is inexpressibly awful: and the line of physiognomy (if I may be so permitted to designate this figure) minutely followed, is calculated to conduct the mind up to the great Architect, who boldly designed, and greatly executed, the stupendous spectacle!

A tract of country, truly a garden, sweeping round the feet of mountains, rising perpendicularly, until their rocky points, half-veiled in cloud, assume an aërial aspect; next attract the eye, and interest the imagination: and the enchanting scene is aided by all the colouring of Nature.—Here, a faint reflexion of the sun is seen, playing towards the summit of the steep, but abruptly obscured, by the misty vapour, in its ascent. There, a saffron beam, gradually extending, and forming an arcade in the heavens! Then, cottages, hospitably smiling in per-

spective. The level green, variegated by wild flowers, and diversified with noble trees, planted in clusters, and occasionally refreshed by a fertilizing spring.

In this miniature sketch of Vaga's journey through North Wales, I give but a faint idea of the extent of landscape exhibited.

The face of the country in England may be termed beautiful.—Let fancy paint those celebrated shores, in point of cultivation unequalled in the world! My imagination at this moment recalls to mind its green pastures, fringed with flowering shrubs, and gently swelling, till the eye, climbing the high lands, abruptly looks into the sloping valley, decorated with enclosures and plantations, and alternately exhibiting, in the prospect, those emblems of population and opulence—

towns, villages, magnificent mansions, and comfortable cottages:—the scene still varying with the pace of the traveller, and at each instant discovering something new, to charm the taste.

Having conducted Vaga and her suite through a part of this nation of beauty and smiles; see her entering into the ancient Augusta, now called London, or town of King Lud.

Wherever she turned her eyes, the vast mass of population, and bustle of trade, intermixed with several emblems of opulence, useful and ornamental to this great city, met her sight.

The metropolis of the British empire is considered at the height of its glory, in the present day.—It is the seat of a free and powerful people, and the nurse of commercial greatness! The arts flourish under the liberal encouragement of its citizens; and

its wealth is the wonder of the world!

The public edifices, in London, are numerous: but of them I shall not speak, farther than the bare mention of Westminster-Abbey, a collegiate church, devoted to the manes of British kings and British nobility; and distinguished by its monuments for perpetuating the memory of the truly great:—Heroes who have lived, and died, in the service of their country—Philosophers, whose discoveries have benefited and enlightened the age—Poets, and illustrious personages of every rank.—And St. Paul's Cathedral, the magnificent work of the great Sir Christopher Wren; famous not only as a master of architecture, but for his learning and philosophical researches.

The wanderer's first care, was to

send a benefaction of five thousand pounds, to be divided among the different prisons, for the discharge of poor debtors; who, to the disgrace of humanity and civilization, are known to languish in confinement, for months, for years, nay for life; because, by unavoidable misfortune, unable to answer the demands of an obdurate creditor.

These miserable captives, free from actual crime (for poverty is not a fault), released by an Irish woman, heartily joined with her in hoping, that Britannia, influenced by the universal suffrage of her people, shall restore to her sister, Ireland, a voluntary grant of the vital measure of her salvation:—an independent legislature!

The half-formed expectation, like the light of inspiration, beams on the past, and brightens the future!—Yes! England is the trusty guardian of the

oppressed, and the general refuge of all nations, struggling to stem the power of an ambitious and insatiable chieftain, whose thunder, nothing less than British thunder can resist!—Her fame, at this moment, recorded in universal registry, has arisen to an acmé, beyond which perfection cannot soar, because illustrative of superior virtue, as well as of superior courage.

Mighty and awful Britons!—for I cannot style you less, at this time, when your glories strike like the electric fire of Heaven!—As the general redeemers of oppressed states and kingdoms—remember your depressed *sister*, Ireland; and, in the name of *fraternal love*, cherish and live in charity with her, for she is your *own*; and the natural operations of nature are a righteous claim on your regards.

Every thing worthy of notice in the British capital being visited, in succession, by Vaga and her party; after ten days' research, they at length could say, they "saw the lions;" a term which signifies, the curiosities to be seen in London:—a display, as it regards the arts, extremely interesting to every mind and taste.—The Royal Academy of painting and sculpture exhibits works, by British artists, equal to some of the best productions of the Italian school; and the armory, in the Tower, is no less an object deserving attention.—The Gothic manner of building is preserved in Westminster Abbey; and Westminster Hall also exhibits the same rude taste.—The Greek and Roman style of architecture being restored, the new buildings are all, more or less, of that character.—In the year 1802, Covent Garden Theatre,

according to the line of beauty signified by the Corinthian order, was distinguished for its lightness; and the other house, Drury Lane, on a larger scale, was a noble piece of architecture. Both were burned down in the year 1809.—They have both been since rebuilt, in the purest and most elegant style.

It may be added, that our travellers witnessed, in this city, the boast and perfection of the drama—Mrs. Siddons—as an actress, at this day unequalled on the English stage: and Mr. Cooke, under every disadvantage of his love of wine, a great representative of tragedy.

Mr. Cooke's Richard is universally acknowledged as a master-piece. His Iago is not a *single*, but a *series* of attitudes, in which the villain may be said to be wrought up to a climax:—

and who, that ever saw him perform the character of Zanga, in "The Revenge," but must, with horror, shudder again and again at the awful operation of the sublime scene!—and even by the remembrance of this most terrific and affecting display.

One night, during Mr. Cooke's electric representation of the above character, at Covent Garden, Vaga and her party, seated in one of the side boxes, absorbed by the great exhibition, were devotedly given up to the excellent style of the performance; when, several deep-toned sighs arresting their attention, turning round, they perceived on the back seat the person thus forcibly operated upon by the power of the drama.

She was dressed in deep mourning; and her black veil thrown back, the flash of her eye conveyed to the intel-

ligent mind, the woman, in characters of fire! The fair proportion of beauty was conspicuous throughout her face and form. She was young: but the sweetest graces of her youth were hid in cloud!

At a glance, the line of sensibility told that exquisite feeling predominated in the constitution: but the finely marked brow, deranged by a determined frown, destroyed the harmony of the whole.

During the remainder of the scene, the effect produced on the unknown was still stronger;—one instant panting with heat, another moment shivering with cold; then, passion's alternate throb and start; next, a wo-charged burst from the labouring bosom: nor did the stream of her anguish pace its way down iron cheeks.

Vaga never yet beheld the sem-

blance of distress without feeling a disposition to alleviate it. Who the mourner was, she neither cared, nor inquired. The appeal of sorrow was all she looked to.

“ Benigma,” said she, “ the poor lady behind us, I fear, will fall into hysterics : her breathing is greatly oppressed.”

The benevolent Benigma, turning round, hesitatingly addressed the unknown.

“ Madam,” said she, “ I apprehend you are ill?”

“ Yes!” replied the stranger, rolling her frenzied eyes—“ ’Tis all *here*” putting her hand to her head.

Benigma, now peeling an orange, presented it to the stranger.

“ I’ll *take* nothing,” said she, rising ; “ No ! I shall *give* all to night.”—She bowed her head, and hurried away.

“ There is a wildness in that young person’s manner, that terrifies me,” said Benigma.

“ Yes!” rejoined Vaga; “ poor enthusiast, her sensibility has said much for the present representation.”

A deep groan now proceeding from an adjacent box, succeeded by a shriek, the alarm in the house was general; and the play being just concluded, the curtain fell amidst a peal of voices reiterating—

“ Secure the murderer!”

Vaga, excessively terrified, stood between Chili and Benigma, alternately clinging to an arm of each; when her footman, throwing open the box-door, and announcing her carriage, in reply to her inquiries respecting the uproar in the house, said—

“ A gentleman had been stabbed by

a woman ; and that it was supposed he was dying.”

Impatient to escape from this scene of horror, Vaga and her friends went forward ; but, on gaining the outward lobby, impeded by the crowd, they stopped ; and their ears were again assailed by loud outcries. The company falling back, a spectacle opened on the view, that froze Vaga’s blood.

It was the young woman, recently in their box. She was seated on the ground, and at her feet lay an expiring victim, in the act of raising himself on his elbow, and looking up wistfully in her face. . . . Then, resting himself on the palms of his hands, he pronounced with forcible energy :—

“ The insane, though steeped to the wrists in the blood of a fellow-being, according to the wise and humane statutes of England, is an innocent

transgressor!—Gentlemen!” (he continued), “you will regard the maniac with mercy; and to your honour I commit her.”....At this break, the voice becoming quite faint, panting for breath, he paused, and resting his head against the knees of the unhappy creature, to whom his dying address alluded, his countenance began to work.

Wholly unconscious of the passing scene, the woman continued seated as before, her eyes moving rapidly from object to object.—One moment, she sternly knit her brows—then, relaxing, an expression of sadness would soften the ferocity in her features; until another gust of intemperate feeling showed how quick is the transition of the passions, in the disordered mind.

The shock held every person silent,

and a pin might have been heard to drop, when a bare-headed old man, forcing through the crowd, on arriving within a few paces of the murdered person, holding up both his hands, impetuously exclaimed :

“ Oh ! ye votaries of impure pleasure,—ye spoilers of female innocence,—look here !—Behold where ruined beauty sits, seated in awful judgement on her destroyer ! . . . See, remorseless as he was, how she found the way to his heart ! now, in characters of blood, recording ‘ the wrongs of woman ! ’ He clasped his hands—the icicles of sorrow hung pendant on his furrowed cheek—and his aged limbs, no longer able to sustain their burden, he fell to the earth, crying piteously :—“ My child ! . . . My child ! . . . And the parental call seeming to electrify the maniac, starting up, she replied :—

“ Father ! I come ! ” Then, sinking on her knees, she added :—

“ Poor grey old man !—Yes ! I had a dear father indeed ! and he was an hoary veteran, like you :—but they say I killed him :—though, in truth, he died a natural death,—for he died of grief. At this pause, the groans of the dying becoming deep and successive, the insane, as if operated on by the power of sympathy, shrieked—and covering her ears with her hands, dashed herself on the ground.

It was at this time generally understood, that the wounded man had breathed his last :—and Vaga, penetrated to the soul by the awful scene, at the final catastrophe—her spirits being entirely overcome, she fainted.

A medical gentleman, hitherto busied in attendance on the deceased, coming forward, had our heroine re-

moved into the coffee-room ; and the necessary restoratives being applied, in the course of a few minutes she revived.

The doctor, a most humane and intelligent man, seeing that she was still under the influence of extreme terror, at the instance of her friends, taking a seat in her carriage, saw her home ; and, during the drive, recounted the following particulars respecting the late melancholy event.

“ Ladies,” said he, “ I was personally acquainted with the deceased : he was a young man of fashion. The young woman who caused his death, is the daughter of a respectable and wealthy tradesman. She was unfortunately seduced, and afterwards abandoned, by this gentleman ; but, reclaimed by the indulgence of a tender parent, her father’s bosom was once

more her sanctuary. Here, during three months, the penitent remained; till despair, nurtured in silence, maddening her, she strayed from the paternal mansion; and, with all the cunning of the maniac, artfully tracing her betrayer;—in the paroxysm of her delirium took his life.”—The narrator shuddered; and, after an impressive pause, resuming, he concluded with a fervent hope, that the dreadful occurrence, when fully known, might operate on all libertine characters, as a salutary warning.

It was some time before Vaga and her friends felt any disposition for public amusements. However, they could not think of leaving London, without once, at least, attending the opera; and, as a new serious piece was announced for representation, having secured seats in the pit, they

proceeded to the King's Theatre, and entered just as the overture began.

The company at this time crowding in, the house, in every part, soon exhibited an overflow;—and the spectacle being heightened by a brilliant assemblage of beauty and fashion, Vaga's ears and eyes were divided between listening to the enchanting Italian strain, and surveying the circle of boxes, sacred to subscribers, and filled by persons of the highest rank in the kingdom.

The first piece of music received the due tribute of applause; and, as the curtain drew up, the greeting of the new opera, though not loud, indicated the true expression of applause.

Vaga understood enough of the Italian language, to enter into the spirit of the author: but the vocal abilities of our celebrated Billington,

nothing less than the judgement of a professor was adequate to praise ; though all might feel, and admire her.

Our heroine loved music, and sedulously cultivated the art. However, she now found she was, as yet, a novice in the science : for, though frequently charmed by its excellence, she never before experienced the effect which may be produced on the human mind by the power of a superior singer.

Surprise constituted the least of Vaga's enjoyment :—it was the sweet, soft tone, that impressed her ;—when the character of the music, warbling the call of love, articulated the tender strain ; and a repetition of the passage, given three times, struck with a sensation almost painful from its pleasure. Her beating heart swelled responsive ; and her eyes, at the in-

stant, as if arrested by some secret impulse, roving from the performer, fixed on a box, where sat, in front, two ladies brilliantly ornamented, with a gentleman seated between them. He was dressed in deep black, and held an opera-glass to his eye; his whole attention being apparently absorbed by the wonderful powers of Billington.

Vaga continued to observe the party in silence; until, at the conclusion of the song, the gentleman turning round his head, their eyes met:—It was Edwy:—He blushed crimson deep; and evading her impatient glance, resting his head on one hand, seemed to be collecting himself; then entering into conversation with his fair companions, he looked towards Vaga no more.

Benigma now perceiving our heroine

change colour ; and following the direction in which her eyes were fixed—starting, said :—

“ Can that be young Edwy, yonder?—Surely it is ! I cannot be mistaken.”

“ Good !” replied Chili, smiling with unaffected pleasure ; “ it is indeed the dear youth ! and it rejoices my heart to behold him looking so well, and happy.”

“ He cannot have discovered us,” said Benigma (glancing at Vaga’s varying countenance), “ or he would certainly acknowledge his friends.”

Here, a veteran, in general’s uniform, appearing at the box-door, Edwy rose, and resigning his seat to him, stood beside a pillar, behind ; against which he leaned his head, so as to conceal his face.

The last act now over, the curtain

fell, amid reiterated applauses ; when the younger lady, good-humouredly tapping Edwy on the arm with her fan, called him forward ; and making room for him, with no little spirit began talking and laughing, apparently rallying him on his gravity ; until her sprightly humour effectually put it to flight.—The ballet just then commenced : but the inimitable exhibition was entirely lost on Vaga ; who, stung to the soul by the slighting behaviour of the man she loved,—and perhaps pained by the apprehension of a rival,—had not a thought for any thing beside.

“ That young lady,” said Chili, “ taking care of Edwy, resembles him exceedingly ; only that she is not so handsome.—Do, Vaga, observe, and give me your opinion.”

“ Perhaps so,” replied Vaga.

Benigma again remarked—

“ It is impossible he can have distinguished us ! ”

“ I am not quite sure of that,” said Vaga.

“ My life on Edwy’s gratitude and honour ! ” interposed Chili.

“ I wish I could catch his attention,” said Benigma eagerly ; “ and I would beckon him to us.”

“ Not for worlds ! ” interrupted Vaga. The person that can so soon forget his friends, no effort, on our part, should recall.” This, spoken with a degree of irritation, the artless girl looking resentfully at the object of her displeasure, again their eyes met : when Vaga, full of vexation, turning away, hastily entreated to leave the house ; but their escort, a banker, to whom our heroine had letters of introduction, being absent, to

see whether her carriage was ready ; while waiting his return, they were joined by a nephew of Benigma's, an officer in the horse-guards ; who, after hoping he had the honour of seeing the ladies well, inquired their opinion of the new opera ; and, in the same breath, replied to his own question :—

“ What an enchanting piece ! How ably has the author delineated the tender passion !—Yes ! the Italian is a professor even in love ! for he knows how to refine the affections ; and certainly can teach us, English, the way to keep them ! ”

“ Pray ! ” said Benigma, “ can you tell me the names of the two ladies in that box to your left ?—(meaning the one in which Edwy sat).

“ Oh !—Ay !—True ! ” replied he, levelling his eye-glass. “ *Female nabobs*, upon honour ! just imported from

India!—A mother and her daughter!—What a blaze of jewels! And there is the old veteran himself:—a guard of honour! poz.”

“The young gentleman,” said Benigma, “seated beside the younger lady—

“Is her intended,” interposed the guardsman.—“Nothing else talked of about town Lucky dog! Not worth a sous! Yet the general will have it so.—Some Scotch blood in him—devoted to his relatives that youth is his sister’s son; and in order to keep the wealth in the family—

Benigma, now silencing her talkative nephew with a look—stole a glance at Vaga.

Our heroine, looking pale as death, but affecting unconcern, began flirting her fan, complaining of the heat

—and was joined by her friend, the banker, who came to conduct her to her carriage.—As he took her hand—

“ Good God ! ” said he, “ you are as cold as death !—Is any thing the matter ? ”

“ Sir ! ” rejoined the guardsman, “ the lady has been this instant calling out against the excessive warmth . . . but perhaps she is disposed to ague. Pretty good intelligence of that malady : the reigning disease—hot and cold fits—very prevalent in this great city. Poz ! ”

Vaga, to whom this species of the unmeaning was always disagreeable, in the present state of her mind not being in the happiest temper, pettishly answered :—

“ That my head aches, I don’t pretend to deny ; and at the rate of chit-

chat in this quarter, it is well if I am not *talked* out of reason, as well as into sickness."

"Talkers!" repeated the guardsmen. "Surely, madam, you do not fix upon me!—I have not spoken three words . . . submit entirely, in that way, to the ladies . . . could not think to contend about words, laying his hand on the hilt of his sword, though ever so well inclined to kill time."

"Upon my soul," said the banker, laughing, "I'll not flatter you; but I'll pit you against two of the most voluble female tongues in the house; and if yours don't beat them, I'll forfeit a dinner for a dozen at St. James's Coffee-house. What says my fair Hibernian?" (archly smiling at Vaga). "Are you inclined to try a bout or two with your formidable opponent?—The gauntlet once flung, I'll answer

for it my champion will take it up, and carry the day with the last word."

The guardsman, by no means relishing this raillery—half-vexed, half-ashamed, slunk off; and Vaga, impatient to get home, urged her party forward; and at length reaching her carriage, threw herself in, perturbed, and heart-sick: but not until alone in her chamber, did she give vent to the contending emotions that shook her frame.

" 'Tis all over!" cried she, pacing her room with agitated steps: " and I can now truly say, with the poet—

" Love is all a dream."

" So soon supplanted!—So soon forgotten!—Oh, Edwy! is this the extent of your faith? This all the remains of your promised sincerity?—But, 'lovers' perjuries,' perhaps, qualify your broken vows, though no

subterfuge can justify the violation of truth.”—She paused; and reflexion, censuring her self-love, awakened her to a proper consciousness of the youth’s perfect freedom to make a choice. She blamed the precipitancy with which she had hitherto condemned him; and deeply lamenting the force of an attachment she believed unconquerable, wept over the cloud that obstructed her prospect of future happiness, at the same moment that she determined vigorously to combat her weakness—so, at least, as to endure, without repining.

Chili and Benigma, alike thunder-struck by the marked inattention of Edwy, and for some time irresolute how to proceed, or what to think; at length, aware of Vaga’s tender solicitude, trembling for her welfare and happiness, suggested the propriety

of immediate removal ; knowing there is no cure for the heart, but in flight. And this advice being seconded by Vaga's sound judgement, a very few days saw the whole party across the water, and landed at Calais ; where, having slept one night, they proceeded from thence towards the famous capital of Gallia.

CHAPTER 7.

It would be impertinent tautology in me to go over the ground of dirty, narrow streets, &c. in ancient and even modern Paris. I shall merely, as a foreigner, take a peep at what is worth seeing.

In the street along the Seine, how lively is the effect produced by the well-supplied shops, lining it on the left! and then, on the right, is the river, on which the Parisian baths are seen floating.—Here is also the New Bridge,—a present from the government to the citizens of Paris.—That square is

the Place de Grève, where the guillotine decapitated many illustrious martyrs!—A spot, stained for ever in remembrance, as the scene of revolutionary murder!

The next spectacle, is Buonaparte himself!—the tyrant of modern France, whose political and military exploits have no parallel in history for turpitude and success.—A formidable enemy:—a great and imperious ruler.

Our travellers, impatient to see this celebrated character, after waiting about a week, were at length gratified.

It was on the grand parade, when the first consul reviewed several regiments of infantry and cavalry. He rode his favourite Arabian charger. His retinue was superb; though, in his personal appearance, he evidently affected extreme plainness.

The inspection over, the troops filing off at the word of command, military music concluded the brilliant and imposing spectacle.

It was the intention of our travellers to visit the French court, attended at this time by some English personages of the first rank: and they had fixed on the day for presentation, when a letter to Vaga, from Bathmendi, called her suddenly to Toulon.—Overjoyed at the idea of meeting him there, without loss of time, accompanied by her friends, she set out; and on her arrival at that port, was greeted by the following billet:—

“ VAGA !

“ Travel is a great instructor; and I wish you to cultivate your taste for antiquities.—The late war in Egypt, gloriously terminated

by our victorious army, is favourable to your research; for its ports are open to the English;—and we deserve protection from the people we have set free. Lose not then an instant!—A ship will sail from hence for Malta in the morning; and your passage, and that of your suite, is secured therein. Make no inquiries, but hasten on board; nor hesitate to conform to the will of your true friend—

“ BATHMENDI.”

“ Toulon, March 3d, 1802.”

Promptitude formed a strong feature in Vaga's character. Her mind was so clear, that she took in,—not a part,—but the whole of every thing, at a glance. And her friends being no less sensible of her obligation to obey this Mentor—behold them, at the dawn of

day, in an open boat, rowing to the vessel See ! they are already on deck the master of the ship salutes them every accommodation awaits their reception

What an animated scene !—Here, the boatswain whistles—There, the “heaving of the lead.”—The white canvass is unfurled—and, the ship in motion—the wanderer sailed from Toulon, for Egypt, with a view of gaining the most extensive information ; and to visit the islands of Malta, Rhodes, and the coast of Caramania, in Asia Minor, prior to her intended visit to the country which was once a “land of bondage,”—Egypt ; and where the arts and sciences once flourished.

The morning was delightfully propitious ; the sky clear and serene. They had not sailed many leagues up the Mediterranean, when the vessel

was becalmed.—Several dolphins came about the ship. They are most beautiful fish. The sailors took many. Their variegated colours, when dying, exceed all description.

In the evening a breeze sprung up: Vaga and her party were on deck: the sails filled, and the trim bark glided through the water with a rapidity the most animated; yet, so smooth was the sea, the motion was scarcely perceptible.

The sinking sun, setting in the west, tinged the ocean with a saffron glow:—while the shadows of evening, gradually stealing over its last upward lights, wrapped in a thin veil the partial illumination of the heavens.

The deep repose now prevailing, heightened the effect produced by such a scene.—Vaga's soul melted:—the magic of grief had already bound a

melancholy spell around her ;—and, as her memory bore her back to her father—to Edwy—to England—and Erin’s beloved shores—her tears flowed silently ; and, gently sighing, the cadence of her sorrow seemed to freshen the gale. . . . Then, hiding her face in Chili’s bosom, given up to the sad indulgence, the finest emotions of love and nature were awakened in her breast—when a soft strain of vocal music, breaking the enchantment that possessed her. . . . She started up—and found, what she thought a fairy delusion, was in truth a reality.

“ Who is it that sings so sweetly in the forecastle ? ” said Benigma, hailing a cabin-boy, just passing.

“ A passenger,” replied the lad.

“ Oh, heavens ! ” interposed Vaga, eagerly, “ Benigma ! can you have so soon forgotten Edwy’s voice ? ”

“ There is certainly some similitude in the tones,” replied the matron ;
“ but—

“ Nay,” rejoined Vaga quickly,
“ do not doubt that he is with us !—
Here even here ! ” A blush
crossed her cheek ; and restraining the
warmth of her expression, she paused
—when the interval again filled by
those strains she had already distinguished—
as the impassioned sound
came home to her soul, her softened
fancy catching all the enthusiasm that
characterized the composition ; with a
simplicity natural to her, she knelt at
Chili’s feet, till the last note of the en-
chanting air, finely modulated, died
away : then, precipitately rising, she
darted along the quarter-deck : when
her people, perceiving her approach,
hurrying forward to meet her, respect-
fully stood, waiting her commands :

and this attention recalling her wandering senses, she stopped.

“ Good gracious ! ” cried the Abigail, simpering at one of the men, “ if my mistress is not as red as fire !—looking so well and so handsome, for all we be at sea ! though for my part, when I looked in the glass just now, I declare my cheeks were like *chaulk* ! But ’tis my misfortune to be more delicate than any fine lady ever I *see* :—and, only for that sweet singer there, who cured the squeamishness in my stomach, like—I am sure I should have nothing for it, but to lie down, and die.”

“ Kitty,” said Vaga, in a half-whisper, “ will you point out to me, which, in yonder group, is the gentleman that sung ? ”

“ Lauk ! mame,” replied the waiting-woman, no gentlefolks ever sit in the

forecastle; 'tis only such as us servants, and poor passengers, like—And, as to the singing man, and the old fellow with him, it would take a deeper head than mine to make them out, for they are some of your outlandish sort:—chattering gibberish to the French seamen, and speaking all manner of tongues—one word of which I can't make out: so that, in this ship, I compare myself to the confusion of *Babylon*:—and then, mame, lauk! if you saw how mean these people are dressed—looking all as one as our ballet-singers, with hats tied under their chins!—Yet, for all that, I love in my heart a song, be it ever so.”

The master of the ship, now coming up, confirmed nearly all that had been said by Vaga's woman; together with observing, that the old man, and his follower, were foreigners. But this;

spoken by a Frenchman, instead of crushing Vaga's surmise, ought, on the contrary, to have strengthened her conjecture. However, obscurity involving the cherished hope, again she experienced how transient, how evanescent, are those pleasures existing only in our imagination.

Vaga slept little during the night. She was watchful : but the air no more wafted the soft warbling of the vocal musician ; though in her fancy she heard the sweet strain again : for, in the lover's imagination, memory embodies the mere vision ; and the mind, suddenly roused, in retrospection enjoys, once more, the period of delight that is past.

A heavy sea for several days confined Vaga to her birth ; and, when next she ventured on deck, none but the sailors were visible. It blew a

smart breeze; and her head beginning to grow dizzy, she was necessitated to make back to the state cabin as fast as she could.

Though the wind was fair, the element on which they floated still continued to swell, until the morning discovered Sicily, when the roughness abated; and the burning mountain of Etna in view—behold Vaga, Chili, and Benigma, with mute astonishment gazing on this most awful spectacle. The master of the ship had been prevailed upon to pass as near the island as possible: but no entreaty could induce him to put in to Messina,—a most fruitful and healthy spot, producing every necessary of life.

They were now within a few hours' sail of Malta, famous for its knights and formidable fortifications. The dawn of the following day discovered

the island of Goza, (which place Telemachus mentions, as being the favourite residence of the goddess Calypso). It is an amazingly strong place, and is only divided from Malta by a small creek.

As the vessel approached Malta, its stupendous rocks, and lofty towers, opened—delightfully picturesque—on the sight. The entrance into the harbour is one of the most splendid objects of the kind in Europe.

The fortifications are considered impregnable. There are seven tiers of guns on the sea-side. The chapel bells were ringing; and in tone and tune were superior to any which Vaga ever before heard.

The landing being made at the Jetty, our travellers proceeded from thence into the city of Valetta, where they took lodgings near the Govern-

ment House; and having there passed the night, next day visited the chapel of Valetta, which is magnificent beyond description: and as it was the time of the carnival, the church was seen in all its splendour.

The floor is beautifully inlaid with Mosaic work; the decorations are of the richest tapestry; and the altar, in its brilliancy and value, may be put in competition with Italian church magnificence itself!—A splendid illumination of wax tapers, burning throughout the day and night, heightened the sublime and truly impressive character of the religious ceremonies of the Catholic church.—The chapel is most extensive; it is magnificently incrust-ed with precious marbles, and adorned with several Scripture pieces, by the great masters, Raphael and Buonarotti.—The paintings before the altar, are

likewise said to be by these wonderful contemporaries.

The town is well built; the streets are commodious, and paved with flag-stones.—Floriana is a delightful village. The climate is healthful; but the soil being unproductive, the greater portion of the supplies come from Sicily. The Maltese oranges are remarkably fine: poultry, pork, and goats, are abundant in the island.—There is also a coffee-room, equal to any in England. The fortifications are amazing; and all description must fall short of their strength.

Among other modern productions in Malta, the monumental fabrick, sacred to that gallant and ever-to-be lamented hero, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, is a striking and solemn spectacle.

Vaga knelt beside the tomb of the British chief—to their shame be it re-

corded, who prevented this veteran's remains from being brought to England, and interred in the heart of the empire he faithfully and greatly served—a subscription for that purpose having been entered into by the victorious little army of Egypt, which he commanded, and where he heroically fell.

The Maltese are a brave and hardy race of people; plain in their persons, but affable and courteous to strangers. They have little or no trade; though their harbour, for shipping, has nothing paramount in Europe; for the largest line of battle-ships can come up to the quay.

Having exceeded a month at Malta, our travellers again put to sea, on board an English merchant-man, bound for Alexandria; and the weather being uncommonly fine, Vaga and her friends remained on deck during the

day : and in the evening, after taking their coffee, as they sat listening to the gurgling sound of the waters, in light waves dashing against the proudly sailing vessel—while the rising moon threw a silver beam upon the gathering shades of night—Vaga heard several low sighs, whispering tremulous on the breeze ; and, at the same instant, perceived two persons leaning, contemplatively, over the ship's side.

They were dressed in gray habits, made loose, with hoods, and reaching down to the ground.

Again Vaga attentively listened ; and again she distinguished the gently murmuring plaint—which spoke no common sorrow ; but a sailor-boy, scrambling up a ladder of ropes to the top-mast, and sweetly whistling at the same time, all—save the sound of harmony—was hushed.

On inquiry, it was generally understood, that these two persons were pilgrims, on their way to Mecca. They appeared to shun observation; and, whenever they caught Vaga's eyes directed towards them, always concealed their faces in the hood that wrapped their heads.

Five days' sailing brought our voyagers in sight of the island of Candia—celebrated in classic history, as containing Mount Ida—where the gallant Paris adjudged the golden apple to the goddess of beauty!—The sea ran too high for the vessel to put in; though Vaga said she could wish to taste of the river of oblivion, for which this place is also famous.

The following day they passed the island of Rhodes:—It was remarkable for one of the wonders of the world—a brazen Colossus, the face of which

represented the sun, to whom this image was dedicated. It was one hundred and forty feet high; and in its stride extended across the harbour.

Two days more brought them in sight of the bay of Marmora, in Asia Minor, which they entered about three o'clock in the afternoon.—This bay is, without exception, one of the most delightful which imagination can conceive, being completely land-locked, and about fourteen miles in circumference. There is a small town here belonging to the Turks; but it is very poor. The people are remarkably bigotted in their religion.—These Turks evince little or no regard to cleanliness: they do not use either chairs or tables, or even knives and forks!

After eight days' sailing, they came in sight of Alexandria, and anchored

in Aboukir bay ; where, in March 1801, was effected the celebrated landing of the English army, under the command of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, not inaptly styled “ the Egyptian hero.”

This is the bay famous also for the battle of the Nile, fought by the immortal Nelson !—It is interspersed with shoals, and the Nile empties itself into it.—There is a small fort, called Aboukir, mounting sixteen guns, twenty-four pounders.

They remained at anchor here during the night ; and the next morning put to sea, for Alexandria, and arrived there early in the day.—It is a fine harbour.

Our voyagers landed in high spirits ; and, after some difficulty, procured lodgings at the house of an Arab.

The next day they went out to visit

the city.—The houses are all flat-roofed, the streets narrow, and not paved.—The square of Alexandria is unworthy of notice: it leads to the ruins of the old city of Alexandria, the remains of which are very conspicuous, as monuments of the different orders of Greek architecture.

Our travellers next turned their attention to the old Pharos; which is something resembling a Moorish tower, and is in itself a complete piece of fortification. It runs a considerable length into the sea; and, in consequence of its situation and strength, is a great protection to the harbour.—The town is surrounded by a wall, which affords but little security, as the paps, or redoubts, erected by the French, are of considerable strength and magnitude. They command the town, and could at any time batter it

about the ears of the inhabitants.— These forts are worthy the observation of the curious, as they are not only formidable by nature, but the French have spared no labour, or military science, to make them tenable, being bomb-proof.

Vaga's next object was to visit Pompey's Pillar; or, according to M. Savary, the Pillar of Severus.— It is a fine piece of granite; and the column is one solid piece of marble.

Cleopatra's Needles, from the base, run up spiral to the top!—The hieroglyphics, on the pedestal, capital, and shaft of each, are scarcely discernible. One of these Needles now lies prostrate, having been taken down, by order of General Lord Cavan, then commanding the British troops in Egypt, it being in contemplation to bring it to England, as a trophy to

the memory of the late Sir Ralph Abercrombie.

The ruin, called Cleopatra's Library, stands about two English miles from Alexandria, on the borders of the Isthmus.—It has little or none of the remains of its once-famed magnificence, being literally a heap of ruins. It is of late remarkable for the sanguinary conflict fought by the British and French forces on the twenty-first of March, 1801: when the French, in a precipitate manner, dashed into the ruins, not conceiving that any of the English army were there, they being in an intoxicated state; the French commander, Menou, having ordered a portion of spirits to each of his men, prior to the advance. The consequence was, that numbers fell on both sides, by the bayonet. The French

were totally routed, and the dead interred in the ruins.

The canal of Alexandria was of the greatest utility to the inhabitants; for, at the overflowing of the Nile, (which is once a year), it conveyed the water from thence, upwards of twelve leagues, to the city. But, during the siege of Alexandria by the British army, it was deemed necessary to cut this canal across, on the left flank of the English lines, in order to allow the lake Merioutus to inundate a part of the country, and admit our gun-boats, to annoy the French, as well as to cut off some of their supplies; which was effected with some success: but, unfortunately for the inhabitants, the British made the cut too wide, which has completely prevented a supply of fresh water to the city.

The Egyptians, or Arabs, are a slothful, indolent people. The inhabitants of Alexandria consist chiefly of Turkish and Greek merchants, with a vast number of Jews. There is considerable trade carried on here, in coffee, rice, &c. between the Greeks, the Turks, and the English.

Three weeks had now passed away, devoted by the travellers to an attentive examination of a series of antiquities, to be met with almost at every step in and about Alexandria.

Vaga was partial to early rising, and generally walked out before breakfast: and having one morning wandered some distance from the city, feeling a little fatigued, she sat down on a bank by the road side.

The wide extent of country, luxuriant in vintage, palm, and date trees, together with groves of oranges and

lemons, are abundant here. The air scented by the fruit, Vaga caught the sweet perfume of nature, so superior to all artificial luxury; and, hailing its delights, continued to indulge in it:—when, alarmed by the roaring of a beast, on turning round her head, she saw coming up, in full speed, a wild buffalo:—and, screaming at the approach of the monster, she attempted, but had not power, to move:—when a man, springing from behind an enclosure, undauntedly put himself between her and the animal; and drawing his sabre; while with one hand he dexterously parried its attack, with the other, taking a pistol from his girdle, he fired; and the ball entering the head of the buffalo, it fell dead at his feet.

Vaga stretched forth her hands: but such gratitude as she felt, has

another language than mere words. She prostrated herself before her deliverer; and catching a corner of his pelisse, hugged it to her breast.

For a moment the stranger gazed upon her with silent admiration: he then knelt at her side.

Vaga looked up. Her preserver was dressed in the Turkish military fashion; and the essences about him perfumed the air.

“Permit me to know my deliverer!” said Vaga, (in her agitation speaking her native language).

The stranger waved one hand; and, as Vaga contemplated the form, gracefully bent on one knee—his eyes, full of timid sweetness, fixed upon her—on a sudden, a delicious glow of pleasure warming her heart into ecstasy, involuntarily her head sunk upon the shoulder of her preserver: but his

tender pressure soon recalling her, shrinking from her supporter, she rose precipitately; and, too much shocked to meet the glance even of her deliverer, hurried away: nor once took breath, till, locked within the maternal arms of her beloved Chili; who, anxiously looking out for her return, received her at the entrance of the town.

“ Dear Vaga!” cried the tender, but unconscious mother, “ where have you been?—You looked alarmed!”

“ I have acted imprudently indeed!” replied the terrified girl, in trusting myself out alone: and were it not for the noble gallantry of a stranger, to whom I owe my life,—you would never have seen your Vaga more!”

She now described the perilous scene.—Chili and Benigma blessed

God for the providential intervention of the unknown; and, impatient to distinguish him with every mark of honour, they both went out to seek him: but the stranger had disappeared; nor did any one they met, recollect seeing the person described.

“ We will, however,” said these matrons, “ devote this day to joy and thankfulness!—Tables shall be spread; and any that will, may come and partake with us.—The sound of merriment shall invite guests; and shouts of welcome, hail Mahometan, Turk, Jew, and Christian; for the heart is the temple of benevolence! and that goddess, if seconded, would put discord to flight, and cement mankind together, in fraternal union.

Haying first offered up thanks to Heaven, in prayer; the repast, now

prepared, was laid out in an immense garden, filled with beds of roses: and the people, attracted by the luxuries of the table, crowded to the feast.

Vaga's attendants made way for them to enter; and, greeted by the lovely mistress, the signal being given, they sat down beneath a cool shade of plane trees, refreshed by the zephyrs that sported around.

A profusion of dishes covered the tables; and Vaga attended to each of her guests in a manner truly gracious and prepossessing.—All present, charmed by her courtesy, declared the entertainment was in every respect worthy the most refined taste.

The repast over, fillets of roses were scattered before the company: when our heroine's interpreter announcing the defeat of the buffalo, thus celebrated,—each person, taking

a chaplet, fixed it to his heart, in commemoration of the victory!—Vaga then once more saluting her guests, such music as could be had struck up; and, having played a sort of prelude, the lovely mistress sung, unaccompanied, a sweet Irish air. Her voice, rich in harmony, gave the simple song a pathos, that affected the heart: and the whole mind being awake to the power of music—the rapt soul experienced a luxury, that nothing less than the poet's strain can express.

The sun descending unobscured by the slightest vapour, was seen setting, in perspective, over the shepherds tending their flocks in the valley: and this feature of the patriarchal life, mingled a new form of beauty with the sublime scene.

Chili pointed to the brilliant luminary.—“Behold the immortal fire!”

said she: “that blaze of light, which no human eye can penetrate!—See, heaven is the temple of the sun! and universal creation is his altar!—O! great spirit of life! thy influence pervades all nature!—The earth, the sea, the air, animated by thee, thy inextinguishable effulgence extends from the gates of the East, over the ocean, to the furthestmost point of the globe!”

Vaga smiling at the enthusiasm of this natural philosopher, replied, “that she considered the rising and setting of the sun—a transparent illumination of the life of man!”

This conversation led to many more observations on the great First Cause: and it was not till darkness had spread over the horizon, that the company rose to leave this enchanting spot.

The dew was falling like a thick mist; and Vaga, feeling herself chilled,

hurried home. A pain struck her in the temples, as she entered the house; but, unwilling to alarm her friends, she retired to bed, without making known her indisposition: and having sunk into a heavy slumber, towards morning she awoke, weakened by an inflammatory shooting in her eyes, which were completely sealed up. Aware that she was attacked with ophthalmy—a disorder incident to the country—yet, ever tender of those she loved, she sent to warn both Chili and Benigna not to venture near her during the progress of the malady, lest they should catch the infection: at the same time, she generously dispensed with the attendance of her own maid: in lieu of whom, she accepted the proffered services of a Greek woman, in the habit of nursing invalids.

That Vaga's friends shared the

danger of an object so deservedly dear, may well be imagined.—Benigma, notwithstanding Vaga's prohibition, was seldom absent from her bedside; and Chili, whose grateful affection bordered on idolatry, hung night and day over the estimable girl—watching, with trembling solicitude, every turn the disorder took—soothing each successive pang—and kissing away the tears, that told her secret suffering.

“ O Vaga!” she would cry, “ I found more than life at your hands!—and should you perish in a foreign clime, one friend, at least, shall hallow the solitude of the tomb, and bear you company; for I'll court death on your fevered lips, and, sucking in the poison, rest my exiled head beside the wanderer!”

The ophthalmy rages like the plague.

—Vaga experienced no amendment, and on the sixth day her fever considerably increased.

Chili, heavy at heart, sickened ; and her eyes being soon closed by the disorder, no longer able to resist its virulence, she laid herself down to—die ; an idea, that she should never see Vaga again, having taken forcible possession of her mind.

In the evening, two strangers waited on Benigma, in a medical capacity.—They came recommended by her host, as prodigies in their art, having restored several persons to the blessing of health and sight.

Benigma remembered having seen these men before ; and addressing them in Italian—

“ If I mistake not,” said she, “ you sailed with us from Malta, and are pilgrims ? ”

They bowed.—“We are, indeed, on our way to visit the shrine,” replied a full toned European voice, speaking the language like a foreigner.

Benigma surveyed the strangers with good-natured scrutiny; and, after a little hesitation, observed—

“I understand you practise physic with great success?”

“We practise—what we profess—all the good we can,” rejoined the former speaker.

A tear trembled in the matron’s eye—she laid hold on the doctor’s arm:—

“Two patients require your care,” said she; “and, for the sake of mercy, be tender of their lives!”

“Conduct me to the younger lady,” replied the sage: “my companion will attend the elder.”

Hereupon, Benigma, giving orders to the nurse in waiting to show the

younger gentleman into Chili's chamber; throwing open the opposite door, she led forward his sage friend; who, on arriving within a few paces of the bed where Vaga lay, was observed to start....he then hurried on; and gently taking the hand of the sleeping patient, with a countenance full of horror marked the fluttering pulse.

"Is that black circle round the mouth," said he, "the reflexion of the sun, gleaming through yonder lattice? or is it a putrid—" catching his breath, he paused....

Benigma, in her agony, could not speak: but, clasping her hands, and looking the image of despair, stood silent, gazing on the apparently dying Vaga: until at length a flood of tears relieving her overcharged heart, she sobbed out her grief.

"Woman!" said the doctor, (speak-

ing in English), “ tears are a great assuagement to sorrow—and, as my heart is heavy, I wish you would teach me to pour out its anguish thus But, no! the nature of man will not permit him to participate in this blessing; for the finer sensibilities belong exclusively to the softer sex;—and these tender meltings, like a kind nurse, sustain the child of feeling!”

“ Oh, heavens!” exclaimed Benigma, falling on her knees, in a transport of joy—“ my countryman!”

“ Hush!” replied he, “ the patient speaks.”

Angelo!—Angelo!—Angelo!—was now clearly articulated three several times by Vaga.

“ Alas!” cried Benigma, “ she raves—and calls her father!”—

The muscles of the stranger’s coun-

tenance began to work—his breast heaved,—and he covered his face with his cloak.

“ Ha !” said Benigma, in a soft whisper, “ there is much of the paternal character about this man !— Sir,” continued she, impressively, “ I am sure you have children.”

“ True, madam !” he answered. “ I am, indeed, a father !”

“ Yes !” rejoined the matron quickly ; “ I perceive that you feel like one.”

At this break, the doctor, evidently commanding himself, drew from his pocket a little box of ointment, with which he gently anointed Vaga’s swelled eyelids, and she awoke.

“ Whose hand is this,” cried she, “ that ministers to ease my pain ?”

“ A celebrated physician, my dear !”

replied Benigma; “ and an Englishman !”

“ Has he visited Chili yet ?” inquired the saint-like girl.

“ Sweet angel !” rejoined the matron, “ a second doctor is in attendance upon her.”

“ Be Chili the first care of each !” cried Vaga, energetically — feeling about, as if in quest of the physician ! — “ Oh, sir ! in saving her, you only can preserve me ! — Here, overwhelmed by weakness, she drew a deep sigh ; and her fingers stiffening, she stretched forth her hands ; then languidly dropping them at her side, the rapid motion of her heart beneath the thin coverlet was perceptible to the view.

Benigma shrieked : — but a few drops of cordial, prepared by the doctor, soon revived the half-expiring

Vaga ; who, under a sort of lethargic influence, again felt disposed for rest. —The physician said he would watch by her, himself, during the night.

Chili, in like manner, being taken in charge by the doctor's assistant, experienced the soothing efficacy of the ointment, so salutary in its effect on Vaga : but, towards morning, her fever raging high, the assistant sent to request his friend would see this patient before it was too late ; which he peremptorily refused.

“ Sir !” said Benigma, (who was the bearer of this message), “ humanity, I deem it in this instance, commands.”

“ I am of an opposite opinion,” replied the doctor, pettishly.

“ And do you positively refuse ?”

“ Positively !” said he.

“What! though your presence should save her life?”

“Even so!” And he looked with a determined aspect.

“Poor Chili!” replied the matron, somewhat reproachfully: — “Yet, God! I hope, will preserve her.”

“I hope so too,” said the doctor.

Vaga hitherto sleeping, but disturbed by the whispering sound, starting up in the bed; and in her darkness groping about:—

“Where am I?” cried she; “and where is Chili?”

“In the bosom of your friends!” said the matron, weeping.

“Nay,” rejoined Vaga, impatiently, “I just now dreamt that Chili dropt dead in this room; and that a famous physician, at my entreaty, restored her to life! . . . Go!” continued she, (ve-

hement in her delirium), call the doctor! I must speak with him instantly!"—Her strength now failing, she fell back—and, entirely unconscious of the past, renewing her ravings, again adverted to her father: and, after dwelling on his name with reverence; then, softly mentioning Edwy, a blush of fire glowed on her pallid cheek; but her spirits gradually decaying away, in a moment she relapsed into a heavy stupor.

The doctor, without speaking, dried the dew upon her forehead; and sprinkling the odour of roses about the bed, seeming to consult a position of ease for his patient, tenderly raised her head on his arm.

The humanity, and feeling, so conspicuous in the manner of the action, touching Benigma's heart; with an expression of inquiry she looked up

in his face ; and seeing the big drops, that overflowed at his eyes—forgetting her late resentment, and yielding to the impression of the instant, mingling her tears with those he shed—she stood by his side, intently gazing on his truly respectable presence, till thought, outstripping the common boundary, and in its flight shooting upwards—all that was earthly receded from her view.

Kneeling, she bent before the sage ; who, taking in at a glance the eccentric warmth animating her imagination, and smiling on the sublime vision—assisting her to rise, he said :—

“ Lady ! why bow down in reverence to me ? ”

“ Because,” said she, “ my soul inclines to regard you as something more than mortal ! ”

“ I am man ! ” replied the sage, fix-

ing one hand to his breast:—"a compound of good and evil!—qualities which you have had convincing proof of, when your importunities in the cause of a fellow-being, just now discovered the *worst—best* part of all, that is human about me!"—He turned his head aside; and the matron, incompetent to unravel his mysterious meaning, together with feeling a little superstitious on the occasion, could not wholly resist a dread of something supernatural, as she sat musing over the unintelligible language and conduct of this singular man.

The remainder of the day passed by him in silence, with his face buried in his cloak; not seeming to notice any one except his patient. In vain Benigma besought him to take rest; in vain she spread every rare delicacy before him: he repulsed the offered

courtesy, and appearing equally averse to food or repose — stationary at Vaga's bed-side, kept watch through the night.

Benigma, harassed, and almost worn out, cast herself down in a corner of the room ; where, overcome by fatigue, she dropped into a profound sleep. At that instant, the Greek nurse, entering, announced that Chili had just breathed her last.

The doctor, without any apparent emotion, rose.

“ Did my friend receive her parting breath ? ” said he.

“ Yes, sir ! she died in his bosom. ”

A long pause here ensued. At length, the sage, expressing a wish to see the deceased, went forward ; and the chamber of death lying open, as he entered, he was met by his assistant, who accosted him in English.—The

attendant stood; while the doctors, kneeling together beside the departed, seemed to pray devoutly.

The younger was excessively affected: but the elder gentleman, as yet unmoved, appeared as if all sensibility had dried up in his heart. . . . He continued with his eyes fixed on the deceased—till his countenance, at length, beginning to relax from the inflexible—on a sudden, feeling roused within him, taking the hand of the inanimate spectacle, his features wearing an expression of concern—with peace in his looks, and resignation in his heart, he surveyed the mortal remains of poor Chili.

The sun, now beaming in at the casement, shone full on the deceased; and, as the light fell on the forehead, a vast rainbow, extending over the body its warm tints, touching the

countenance, as the glory spread over the image of death, formed a crescent round the head—life appeared to re-animate the clay.

The nurse was the first to observe the action of the blood, now burning on Chili's cheek.

“ Sir !” said she ; “ see how the face of the corpse flushes !”

“ You mistake,” replied the doctor ; “ ’tis the sun, reflecting, in its smiles,—the character of immortality !”

“ If my optics don't spread illusion,” rejoined the Greek, “ the lips move—Yes ! yes !”—holding up her hands, and exclaiming aloud—“ Chili lives !”

“ In heaven, I hope,” said the doctor, still attributing to superstition the wild transport expressed by the nurse : when, at the solemn instant, the body becoming agitated, the feet and hands began to work :—and the young assist-

ant, springing forward, rapturously hailed the return of his patient to life.

The sage recoiled ; and, under the influence of a visible shock, rushed out of the room.

That Chili had not slept the sleep of death, was evident. However, the partial suspension of her powers caused an universal revolution throughout her frame, which at once conquered the disease ; for, with returning sensation, her fever subsided ; and her strength daily augmenting, though the malady in her eyes continued obstinate, her general health was soon recruited.

It should seem, that a powerful sympathy subsisted between the mother and daughter. When death seized on the former, our heroine, hurried to the brink of the grave, appeared already devoted to the monster of destruction : but, no sooner did Chili's

spirit revive, than the faded graces of Vaga's youth, gathering freshness, put forth their native sweetness—as the drooping flower, beat down by the storm, is sometimes seen, gradually lifting its pendent head, and expanding in new beauty before the revivifying influence of the sun!

The two patients, now pronounced convalescent, the doctor and his assistant took leave of Benigma. They declined every offer of reward; and having given directions respecting the regimen proper to be observed by the invalids, for the establishment of their health; went thence, happy in the consciousness of having successfully exercised their art, to the preservation of two fellow-beings; who, without timely aid, must have perished.

It was some time before either Vaga or Chili could distinguish objects : and

when at length redeemed from darkness, with deep gratitude to Heaven and their absent preservers, they blessed the returning light.

It had been the parting advice of the doctors, that Vaga and her friend should, as soon as possible, repair to Rosetta, for the benefit of its situation, so conducive to health : and preferring a passage at sea to land travelling, at that season of the year, being accommodated on board a Turkish vessel, they crossed the bar of Aboukir once more ; and sailing before a favouring gale, arrived at Rosetta in the course of a few hours.

Rosetta is situated some five-and-twenty miles to the north-west of Alexandria. It is deservedly recommended for the recovery of the sick. The natural beauties of the situation, and delightful views, which here com-

mand the Delta, (an island formed by the Nile), are interesting, and romantic.

Our travellers were lodged in a house embosomed within an extensive garden. The fine country, of which they had a delightful prospect from the windows, in every feature displayed a successive chain of beauty.—The verdant hillocks ; the tufted valley ; the blushing vine ; the orange trees, in generous bearing, perfuming the air with their fragrance—and, through the opening vista, the cool waters seen, gliding gently along the banks of the Nile, the blue sky reflected in the glassy surface.

While our travellers one evening, about sunset, sat viewing the animated colouring of the landscape—the declining orb resembling a body of fire, but, suddenly extinguished, leaving a

few bright tints in the west—as these last beams marked the path of the glorious luminary, the sublime image elevating their minds, they felt as if they were all soul, and had begun to ascend into a new heaven!—a future state, the object of their contemplations; Hope, pointing to immortality; and Fancy, imagining all she wished, opened upon them such scenes of perfect happiness, as no language can express.

Vaga and Benigma anticipated the joys of Paradise: but Chili spoke of them decidedly.

“In eternity,” said she, “moments and ages are one!—ever, and for ever, being the only line of distinction there!”

Vaga smiled.—“Chili,” said she, “your enthusiasm sometimes hurries you out of nature! Remember, none

on earth can pierce the impenetrable veil! Hope most glowing, is not entire security."

"Vaga!"—and Chili flung herself on her knees—"the wonders revealed to me, I can vouch for. During my trance, the spirit of life, now speaking within me, passed the earth's boundary!"—

While she spake, a warm glow came over her; and, looking inspired, she continued:

"Admitting it is but a dream, the vision is celestial!—and its impression on me, such as an angel's visit should make."

A VISION.

"The breath parted from my body, and my soul floated in air. The first object that appeared to my intellectual sight, was my own form, stretched in

death. I then saw every action of my past life, on record, before me! An irresistible something seemed to bear me through all space; and at the same instant I beheld, not a part, but the whole of the universe! Impatient, yet half afraid, I looked through the wide expanse of eternity, and, leaving this globe, passed the gates of death! Within this awful depth I saw a horrid gulf! Terrible roarings issued from the pit! . . . A spectre, of a terrific presence, standing at the mouth of hell, spreading his vast wings, flew to meet me; and attempting to whisper in my ear, I shrunk from the dreaded phantom! When a voice, soothing to the heart as the softest tone of those we love, rose, harmonious on my listening ear, and said:—

“ ‘ Spirit of earth! fear not; for

your faith is true, and the true God is with you.'

" A mild rapture, which no tongue can describe, hushing the anxious throbbing in my soul—full of the divine influence, I rose, to adore—and, ascending, soared above unnumbered worlds, into a peaceful, happy region! Among an innumerable multitude of spirits, all beautifully transparent, I distinguished my father!—Smiling, he stretched out his hands to me, and said:—

" ' O child! greatly art thou blessed!'

" After seeming to repose awhile in his bosom, I suddenly found myself before a great burst of light, in form resembling an arch! Cherubim, bright as the sun in his altitude, hovered below the Glory, in holy

chorus chaunting eternal praise!
My joy was beyond conception
I was all sensation.—I then prayed to
see my God and a voice said:—

“ ‘ Thou art not permitted.’

“ ‘ Shall I see my Saviour,’ said I,
‘ of whom I have heard so much on
earth?’

“ A voice replied, ‘ God and your
Saviour are One!’

“ I thought of my friends, and
prayed.

“ ‘ They shall be blessed!’ said a
voice; ‘ and thou shalt return to life,
to bless them.’

“ ‘ No! no!’ cried I, supplicating
to remain.

“ ‘ It is commanded!’ said the
voice.

“ ‘ Shall I suffer the pains of death
again?’ I inquired.

“ ‘ No ! ’ said the voice ; ‘ it shall be a sigh parting the soul from the body ! ’ — Directly I was convulsed ! The first symptom of my life was my hearing ; then my recollection ; and next, my speech.”

CHAPTER 8.

OUR invalids soon experienced the salubrious effects of the climate ; which, within a very short period, effectually completed their restoration to health.

Several weeks had now passed away, without any material occurrence.—The retreat, where the travellers had chosen to fix their wanderings for awhile, was a romantic picture of the pastoral.—The thick foliage which grew in the garden, afforded a refreshing shade ; and, under this protecting canopy, Vaga frequently reposed whole

hours, in the course of the day ; the image of past times floating in the lively reflexions of her fancy.

Thus, one afternoon, indulging in reverie—sighing over the present, and looking forward to the future, with an expression that spoke a mind fluctuating between hope and fear—her attention was attracted by the sound of trumpets. She listened ; and, hearing the trampling of horses' feet, starting up, beheld through an opening among the trees, a grand cavalcade advancing.

The horsemen drew up before the house.—A slave, in a magnificent habit, preceded by Vaga's attendants, now approached ; and, bowing down on one knee, his embassy explained by our heroine's interpreter, she learned, that his master, a Mamlouk chief, waited without to offer his respects,

and congratulate her on the re-establishment of her health.

Osmond Bey was in the bloom of life. His person was fine and commanding—his countenance full of sweetness, blended with manly beauty—and his address was at once dignified, soft, and prepossessing.—He was on his way to visit Europe, when Providence sending him to the rescue of Vaga, in her defence he overcame the buffalo ; and becoming passionately enamoured of the fair European, from that moment resigned himself a slave to love.

His heart was warm, his mind highly wrought : the fever of desire agitated the former, but always yielded to a nobler sentiment, which animated his mind.—In a word, in his manner of life he was a man devoted to the pursuit of happiness : but, in his

sentiments, he was something more ; for the strength of his soul governed the imposing passions of his nature !—

Deeply the Mamlouk chief bewailed the malady that endangered the life of his adored European. The joy he took in her recovery, pure, as it was unaffected, co-operated with no selfish passion.—That she was snatched from the horrors of the tomb, was a gift of life to him ; and his heart expanding in the Promethean ray, his soul seemed to awaken into a new existence.

Vaga hurried into the house, to give audience to the noble stranger ; and, as he entered, gracefully saluting her, recognising the well-remembered form of him who saved her from death, with a smile of gratitude, she held out to him her hand. He threw himself on his knees ; but, as timidity is an attendant on love, he hesitated whether

to raise her hand, thus offered, to his lips;—till at length, intoxicated with delight, impressing a burning kiss upon it, in the Italian language he exclaimed—

“ O unrivalled beauty!—Charming Vaga!—Formed to be beloved!—Daughter of England!—The heart of an enthusiast greets you!”

Vaga, a little embarrassed by oriental ardour, blushing deeply, sunk down on a seat; and the warm colouring of her beauty seeming to inebriate her lover's heart, he bowed down again before her: then, seeming to recover his senses, he rose up; and seating himself on the couch, beside Vaga, the amiable sensibility stamped on his features exciting a confidence in her mind, with many flattering expressions she made the proper acknowledgements for the important service he had ren-

dered her : nor did she hesitate to style him her preserver.

A sweet tranquillity now calming the agitation in Osmond's breast, he conversed on topics of general information, in a manner that proved he was well acquainted with ancient and modern history ; the pertinence of his remarks displaying not only a clear understanding, but a brilliant and comprehensive fancy.

The ladies, charmed by the engaging address of the chief, and sensible of his claim to their attention, on his taking leave, granted his suit to renew his visit ; which he did on the following day, happy in cultivating a society so congenial to his fine taste ; where genius animated, and wisdom presided over, the scene, to the mutual delight of the parties ; upon whom weariness could never intrude, so long

as sweet converse combined the attractive charms of pure sentiment and useful instruction.

“ Happy ! happy days ! ” he would cry—“ O stay your too rapid flight, and never leave me ! ”

Osmond Bey had experienced the passion of love before : but it was only at this period that he felt the force of real affection. In the presence of the beloved object his heart was full—the enchantment was at its height ! It was only when absent from her, that his nature languished. When in sight of the idol, Vaga, the awe which her virtue inspired, tempering his transports, he seemed, in all he said and did, as if under the influence of an angel :—but, during the interval of separation from her, a raging fire burned in his veins !

Osmond Bey, in compliance with

the custom of the country, and his rank in the state, in his establishment supported a magnificent haram: but his chaste mind revolting from a promiscuous intercourse, he bestowed upon a beautiful young Circassian his undivided love.—The blooming Cora, proud of her conquest, and full of sensibility, was happy in returning love for love; and the accomplished Bey, grateful for the tender affection she evinced, and assiduous to improve it, diversified enjoyment with intellectual pleasure; and opening the stores of his knowledge to the fair Circassian, soon the graces embellishing her mind, love, in both, became, as it were, an object of taste.—Two smiling pledges of Cora's love strengthened the bond of union between Osmond and his mistress, and cherished a renewal of affection. Thus

six years of uninterrupted happiness glided on. The Bey, at length, desirous of enlarging his knowledge of the world, and, in the activity of his mind, emulous to imitate the great masters, Plato and Solon, from whose works he learned his philosophy, determined to visit foreign countries, for instruction. Cora would not oppose the will of her beloved lord; but, on seeing him depart, an ominous apprehension overcast her soul, and she gave herself up to tears and sadness; repeating over and over, that Osmond was lost to her for ever! This prediction was in some degree fulfilled, by the account she received of the infatuation which held him at Alexandria. Maddened by jealousy, she took leave of her children; and assuming the disguise of a slave, followed her lover, and mingling with his train, continued to

watch him narrowly, till “ confirmation strong” leaving her nothing to hope—a prey to grief and tenderness, her bodily strength sunk under the conflict in her mind; and, seized with a fever, she languished for some time in the most deplorable state; till her naturally vigorous constitution overturning the violence of the disorder, she rose from her bed, pale and desponding, though still fondly devoted to the destroyer of her peace.

The chief, mean-while, having received information of Cora’s flight from Grand Cairo, (the place of his residence), under an alarm of conscience, offered a large reward for her discovery; but without avail—his Circassian was yet unheard of; and as it was the general opinion, that in the phrensy of jealousy she had put an end to her life, Osmond Bey, much

affected, wept over the fatal effects of a prepossession he tried in vain to conquer.

It was remorse that preyed upon the soul of the chief, whenever the recollected tenderness of his lost Cora rose to his view—bitterly accusing himself as the cause of her death:—

“ O my sweet Circassian !” he would say, “ Why did you love so truly? Would you had been, like me, subject to caprice and change! I should not then be as I am—your innocent murderer!—

The fine mind of the Bey challenged general admiration. Our heroine saw and felt his excellence; but her regard for him partook more of reverence than of love.

To communicate happiness to the worthy, is the joy of Heaven itself—

and Vaga took supreme pleasure in increasing the felicity which the deserving Osmond found in her loved society, by procuring for him real enjoyment, in a constant discussion of such subjects as are calculated to add delicacy to sensibility; and which, by judicious mental exercises, lead the faculties to an higher relish for virtue. This she did. Her enlightened principles of religion disciplined the enthusiastic creed acknowledged by the Bey, as a follower of Mahomet. Her system of fraternal love, lifting the veil of superstition, gave him a happy insight into the purest source of religion; viz. gratitude to the Supreme Being, manifested in brotherly affection, or a due regard to his works.

“Virtue,” she would say, “is the true source of happiness on earth, and

the only guide to heaven ! Your mind, Osmond, has been cast in a superior mould ; and from him to whom much has been given, much is required.—Our passions are the curse of man ! Like a noxious vapour they spread before the solar beam, as a misty cloud obscures the sun ; and when the soul lies hid, reason has lost her sphere of action.—To make a nation glorious and a people happy,” continued Vaga, “ ought to be the object of sovereign power.—Osmond, you exercise the regal authority in your territory : but I would have you reign in the hearts of your subjects, and be, as it were, the father of your people, according to the great example shown us by the King of kings ! To accomplish this bounden duty, you must turn your eyes, not on yourself, but upon those whom you govern. A great monarch

is always known in the choice of his ministers. Let men of intellect and probity fill that station;—not parasites and flatterers, the bane of crowned heads and kingdoms! Abstain from luxuries, for the general good, and for the sake of your health. The exactions of the state sometimes grind down a people, that might otherwise rise, and flourish; and the luscious feast is, like the forbidden fruit, sweet to the taste, but fatal in its effects. Punish enormities, rather as a check to the evil committed, than in compliance with the dictates of revenge; and always reward whatever is praiseworthy. Guard against foreign enemies, by consulting the proper security at home, in the encouragement of industry, art, and science, good manners and decency; and your pious care of your country shall be crowned by

its prosperity. Yes! after-ages shall celebrate your worth: and fame, that can never die, adduce Osmond Bey as a model for imitation to the latest posterity!—This is a noble ambition! a stimulus to the truly great! and princes should cherish it.—The man of clay mingles with the dust, like the clod of the valley: but the benefactor of his country finds immortality even in this life; for he lives eternally in the remembrance of the wise and good.

Persuasion dwelt on Vaga's lips. While she spoke, she fascinated.—The chief, as one of the disciples of Plato, studied in the school of divine love; and Vaga discoursed like the emblem of Virtue, who is seated on a globe, intimating her devotion to the good of mankind.

“Incomparable woman!” said Os-

mond; “ in teaching me to love you, you will teach me the way to be beloved! In setting before me a view of knowledge in general, you impart to me the method to make others happy, which is the sure way to be happy myself! Dear Vaga! my disposition inclines me to relish what is best; yet am I, in common with mankind in general, an imperfect creature, subject to be beguiled by that seductive syren, called Pleasure. . . . But, reclaimed by you, I shall then become the being of your own creation, and evermore live in close affiance with you.—Vaga!” continued the chief, “ while under your regulation and care, in the language of humility, I will hope to bring forth the fruits of amendment; for I regard you as a minister of light, deputed to admonish and instruct me! —O woman!—Intellectual woman!—

I affirm it, Heaven is in you!—I see the great Power glow in your blush of beauty—and, when I look upon you, my heart tells me I was created to adore!—The invisible great One, who governs the world, speaks and acts in you!—hence the force of attractionhence the moral cause of my soul's undivided homage!—'Tis thus I endeavour to account to myself for an influence which otherwise I cannot understand!—It is, at least, (tracing it to a divine source), the origin of Vaga's virtue, and the parent of universal love.”

“ Love is a term often used,” said Vaga, “ and most frequently misapplied. It is the first of blessings to the good—the worst of curses to the wicked:—and thousands live and die as ignorant of this science of the soul, as on the day they were born!”

“ I believe,” replied Osmond, “ much of the principle of love depends upon our mental organization. The senses are as conductors for the electric fire : and the fluid being thus conveyed, the action of the nerves determines the power of the shock.”

“ Love is a principle of the mind,” said Vaga, “ coloured by imagination, for there is nothing dull in it.”

“ Call it a child of the heart,” replied Osmond, (fixing his hand to his breast),—“ real, and not chimerical.”

“ Nay,” rejoined Vaga, “ imagination is the charm of love ; and, wanting its magic, how lifeless would the mere form appear !”

“ Fancy is a decoration, I grant,” replied Osmond ; “ yet, my Vaga, an unarmed Cupid is the truest and most affecting representation of the passion.”

Our heroine smiled.—“ Infancy,” said she, “ signifies weakness.”

“ It is also the season of innocence and happiness,” returned the Bey with quickness; “ and children are endearing even to the coldest heart.”

“ Osmond! you define the tender passion like a master.”

“ I define it as I feel it,” said the chief; “ yet am I a very novice in love.”

Vaga looked incredulous.

“ I see you doubt,” said Osmond; but ’tis even so.—Not that I mean to insinuate that I have lived till now without attachment to any. My temperature disposed me to enter into the sweetest intercourse of the heart; and the men of my country adore the Cyprian goddess! Venus was a benignant power to me; beauty blessed my arms, and the incense of love perfumed her

altar! My fair mistress's truth crowned her affection for me with the myrtle of immortality; and the ardour of my passion bound round her brows a wreath of roses, which she fondly imagined would bloom for ever!—Peace, innocence, and happiness, fixed their sanctuary in our bosoms! We lived together six happy years, blessed and blessing! Two lovely children added to our heart-felt delight, and Cora was the tenderest of mothers! But my babes now weep;—for they no longer have a parent to caress them He covered his face with his hands; and having yielded to nature and sensibility, by degrees his feelings being tranquillized, he sat down at Vaga's feet; and a new animation burning through his countenance—as he surveyed her form, his heart was warmed by the purest fire of love—hope lan-

guished in his eyes, and soft delight modestly blushed upon his cheek.

Our heroine, with downcast looks, seemed to shun the glance of his soul She coloured deeper than the Tyrian die.

“ Lovely Vaga !” cried the chief ; “ here, at an humble distance, permit me to gaze—till, amid your blaze of charms, my very life shall be consumed !—then, in your blush of delicacy, let me find my soul again, refined and purified by the subtile spark, brilliant in Vaga’s horizon !”

Thus this amiable lover almost deified the object of his passion. He loved not his own gratification, but Vaga ; for, circumstanced as he was, by birth and religion, it was hardly possible to be supposed, that she would forego her country, and her faith, in consenting to an union with him ;

consequently, no prospect of success encouraged the hope of requital. It was, in fact, Osmond's soul that was absorbed:—he lived in the present; and, in the fulness of his joy, appeared wholly unmindful of the future.

Vaga clearly read the mind and heart of the Bey. The former, towering as Olympus, was her glory; but the latter, lulled in false security, gratitude compelled her to tremble for its peace. She wished, but could not summon fortitude, to rouse the dreamer from illusion! No, she could not put a period to the happiness of her preserver."

The fairy scene is fleeting as the morning, thought she. 'Tis only our afflictions that are tedious. Sorrow is the sad inheritance of man; and the bitter cup will come soon, too soon, to

Osmond! O that the sickening draught had once passed his lips!

These reflexions, called forth by the enthusiastic tenderness of her lover, as he knelt at her feet—sentiment melted her heart, and she burst into tears.

A secret intelligence belongs, more or less, to every man.—The Bey underwent a sudden transition in his constitution:—a freezing coldness arrested his blood—his warm heart chilled . . . and he fell on his face.

Vaga, palpitating with grief, silent, for a while contemplated the chief:—

“ Dear Osmond!” said she, “ may I ask what is it that distresses you?”

“ Vaga’s tears,” replied he, “ fall heavy on my heart.”

“ My lord! be not such a slave! Remember, women, like children, laugh and cry without a cause.”

“ Ay! but Vaga is no common woman!—her head is as solid as her heart is soft. Formed to favour the cause of happiness, she smiles, through choice—nor ever dims joy with a tear, unless to soothe the affliction of some other.”

Our heroine shuddered . . . and Osmond touched her hand—she heaved a deep sigh.

“ Tears and sighs form the language of complaint,” said the chief: “ wherefore, and for whom, does Vaga mourn?”

Compassion sealed her lips . . . she was silent as the grave.

What may this silence mean? thought the Bey, turning away his head, and musing.

Overcome by apprehension—“ O Vaga!” said Osmond, “ suspense is the rack of the heart—and in your

mercy, surely you will shield your friend from lingering torment!"

Vaga raised her tearful eyes to his—and softly whispered:—

"Osmond! I have a father, and cannot always live in exile."

Sorrow, for a moment, clouded the brow of the Bey: but the shade soon clearing away, with the front of Jove, he looked as if he could himself command the issue.

"Vaga," said he, "were I grand sultan of the Ottoman empire, I would lay my sceptre at your feet, and live your slave, sooner than reign over states and kingdoms; for, of what avail to me are honours, wealth, and power—even a world—if severed from all my heart holds dear!"

The next day, a beautiful Arabian courser, ambling before Vaga's win-

dow, the proud animal, rearing up, threw his rider.

Our heroine, much alarmed, rushed out, and was happy to find the youth unhurt; who, making his obeisance, presented her a sealed note from Osmond; and she read:—

“ TO HER WHOM I ADORE !

“ Osmond sends, greeting, his favourite Arabian steed, and an accomplished Greek slave.—Immortal glory attend on Vaga’s great soul !—Immortal happiness will attend the Bey, should the humble tribute of his love and respect find favour in her sight !

“ OSMOND.”

“ Rosetta, August 15th, 1802.”

Vaga would not slight Osmond’s present. She honoured the gift, from

regard to the noble donor; and as she stood, her eyes wandering from the superb trappings of the horse, to his leader, struck by the uncommon beauty of the slave, her pleased attention fixed on a countenance almost divine.

The youth, covered with blushes, in visible confusion, hung his head; and Vaga, attributing his embarrassment to a modest diffidence, with smiles of encouragement endeavoured to impress him with confidence in himself, and her: but her condescension, instead of reconciling, seemed only to alarm him the more Whenever she approached near him, he trembled violently; and there was a contraction in the features, that betrayed much of dislike.

Vaga addressed him in his native language:—

“Greek!” said she, “are you satis-

fied to enter into my service? If not, I shall apply to your lord, and, no doubt, procure an exchange."

"Osmond's will is my pleasure," replied the slave.

"But then you regret to part from him, do you not?"

"When duty commands," said the Greek, "love must needs obey."

"Slave! will you forego your country, and consent to live in exile?"

"Yes! for Osmond's sake."

Our heroine's eyes sparkled with pleasure.—"So much affection for a master," said she, "is a great report in his favour."

"Osmond's worth is known to all—acknowledged by all—but, *felt* by none but *me*! . . . This was spoken by the Greek with a pathos, that fell upon the listening ear, as a strain of music is heard sounding from afar.

Vaga's heart leaped.—This creature, thought she, though born a slave, is noble by nature:—for gratitude is a rare plant—the production only of the most generous soil.

The youth's head still inclined downwards; and he still appeared as if afraid to meet her eyes.

Vaga imagined she discovered the cause of his reserve.

“Have you been taught to fear me?” said she.

“The slave knows little else than dread,” replied he.

“When you shall have lived in my service some time,” said Vaga, mildly, “perhaps you may alter your opinion.”

In the evening, one of Osmond's train waited on our heroine. He came to thank her, in his master's name, for the condescending sweetness with

which she had honoured his gift ; and, at the same time, announced that the Bey had been taken suddenly ill.

The messenger having withdrawn, Osmond's slave entered. He knelt at his mistress's feet, and wept.

Vaga, with much kindness, inquired the cause of his sorrow.

“ My lord is sick at heart,” replied the slave ; “ and Vaga only can save him from death ! ”

Our heroine, surprised and overpowered, sat motionless ; and the Greek, wringing his hands, continued crying bitterly.

“ Slave ! ” said Vaga, “ What is it you would have of me ? ”

“ Mercy for Osmond ! ” replied the Greek.—“ O, lady ! a life precious to thousands is in your hands ! The glorious chief has lived a blessing to his people !—Chains, in his service, are

as bonds of love! He is the protector of the defenceless—the champion of the innocent—a support to the aged—and the patron of little children!—He is the genius of glory, in the field of battle; and victory is on the point of his sword!”

Vaga felt half disposed to reprove the enthusiast.

“Your zeal for your lord,” said she, “is a good feature in your character: however, virtue requires no advocate with me.”

Frantic with joy, the slave, hailing his mistress, kissed the ground; and in the transport of his feelings fainted away.

Vaga, penetrated by his sensibility, sprung to his assistance; and untying his girdle, the tunic flew open:—but, what words can describe her astonishment, at beholding a bosom fairer than

alabaster!—and, in the fulness of its charms, unrivalled even by the Venus de Medicis!

The Greek began to breathe; and, looking up, for the first time met Vaga's eyes.

“ I would spare your blushes,” said our heroine:—“ but your warmth in Osmond's cause is explained.”

In extreme agitation, and speechless, the Greek again almost swooned away.

The imposture was odious to Vaga; it appeared offensive to delicacy: and her pride for a few minutes maintained an indignant silence; but, compassion at length melting her soul, in a tone of mildness she entreated the unhappy slave to moderate her emotions; and assured her, that she had nothing to apprehend from her, on the score of detection.

“ My only crime is love,” said the Greek ; “ and an unfortunate passion is punishment sufficient ! ”

Vaga turned pale as death. She feared, yet dreaded to hear, that Osmond had betrayed this woman.

“ I think,” said she, timorously, “ the Bey is too noble to abuse the confidence of any that has implicitly confided in him.”

“ Oh ! ” rejoined the Greek, “ I do not complain of Osmond ! I only grieve that I have lost him.”

“ Ha ! ” said Vaga, shuddering “ ’Tis your tenderness, then, that spares him ? ”

“ No ! no ! ” interposed the Greek, vehemently ; “ Osmond is no treacherous deceiver ! No perfidious seducer !—I must be a false and ungrateful wretch, did I assert it, in return for

all the tenderness he has lavished on me!"

A dead weight being now removed from Vaga's mind, a sweet tranquillity again harmonized her soul; and her heart experienced a delight the most exquisite, in the certainty of Osmond's wisdom and virtue, confirmed in the history which the enamoured slave gave of her love.

"I am called Cora," said she. "Nature bestowed upon me an attractive external; and it was my fortune to swell the triumph of the chief! I was happy in the admiration of my master, for his worth spoke direct to my heart; and I found indescribable luxury in contributing to the contentment of his life!—Our intercourse was a chaste picture of wedded love; and Osmond's truth hallowed the sacred

character!—But, who so perfect, as always to resist temptation? The Bey could not behold Vaga with indifference! Hence the fatal wreck of my peace—hence nearly the destruction of my reason—for, oh! what have I not done?—To follow him, forsook my children, disguised my sex!—Yes! my loved lord! and to bring you life and happiness, here—at the feet of my rival—Cora sues—Cora, with all a lover's eloquence, pleads Osmond's suit!—The sacrificial fire is a tribute to Venus, and the goddess, perhaps, will smile propitious!”

How amiable and pure the affection that could instance such generosity!—Cora's sensibility drew tears from Vaga.

“Yes!” said she, caressing the poor enthusiast; “I hope you will find, in me, the benignant power you suppli-

cate; for your simple narrative has raised in my mind new hopes—new prospects.”

To restore Cora to Osmond and her children, was an ambition worthy of Vaga; and to this point her thoughts were now directed. Her heart seemed to expand in a new ray of delight—the idea of ministering to the happiness of others. Such were her feelings, such her motive in visiting Osmond, while confined to his chamber.

The rank of the chief obliged him to observe a show of pomp and magnificence very opposite to the simplicity of his manners. He occupied a palace at Rosetta; and Vaga, having passed a line of attendants, was received by Osmond at the door of his apartment; which was superb, furnished after the Ottoman fashion: and as the Bey led

Vaga forward to a couch, two children, playing on the carpet, arrested her attention.

“ My lord !” said she, “ I see innocence enlivens your retirement ! Whose sweet babes are these ?”

“ They are my beloved children,” replied the Bey ; “ and my poor lost Cora was their mother !”

The surpassing beauty of the girl merited the just encomium bestowed upon her by Vaga.

“ Osmond !” said our heroine, “ your daughter is a little beauty ; I think her the handsomest creature I ever saw.”

“ Had I never beheld Vaga,” replied the delighted father, “ I should think so too.”

This compliment, received with a modest blush by the wanderer, to

give a turn to the discourse, she answered :

“ My lord ! I was not aware that your children were with you.”

“ They arrived here only this day,” said he. “ I sent for them, to indulge the boy, who has pined himself almost to death since the loss of his mother.”

The little fellow, now rising, ran between his father’s legs. He looked pale, and dejected.

Vaga took his hand : the skin was hot, and dry. “ This child is ill,” said she, raising him on her knee. “ Will Osmond permit me to be his nurse ?”

The chief, all gratitude, cast himself at Vaga’s feet.

“ Your humanity to my poor baby,” said he, “ is soothing to Osmond’s oppressed heart : and as the loadstone attracts . . . so Vaga may—

“ Restore to your boy his mother,” interrupted she, secretly enjoying her meaning.

The chief, surprised and pleased, with the most animated delight replied :

“ Yes ! I know he will find in your tenderness even maternal care ; but, as to the dear Cora, (sighing), my babes must never hope to see her again.”

“ Hope, is true philosophy,” said Vaga ; “ and philosophy is the only physician for that disease called grief.”

“ Vaga !” rejoined the chief, impressively ; “ there is no cure for remorse !”

“ Osmond is wise and good,” replied our heroine. “ Surely he cannot speak, as having experienced the gnawing of that vulture ?”

“ Alas !” replied he, “ man is a strange mixture of strength and weak-

ness, virtue and vice! . . . 'Tis therefore my soul is overcast; yet is the trespass I lament a surprise of the senses—not an act of the will.”

“ May I solicit your confidence?” said Vaga.—“ Osmond! tell me, what is it that preys upon you so deeply?”

“ The sense of having injured,” replied he.

“ Make restitution,” said Vaga.

“ Ah! that I could!” cried Osmond,—“ But of what avail is penitence, when it comes too late?—It cannot restore the dead to life.”

“ Granted!” And Vaga steadfastly contemplated the chief. “ Yet it may effect much in favour of the living.”

“ My Vaga!” And Osmond tremblingly touched her hand . . . “ Speak without reserve to your friend, for he delights in your counsel.”

“ Well, then, Osmond! I think I can show you the way to peace—Will you take me for your guide?”

“ Yes!” said he, “ and follow you to the utmost bounds of the earth!”

“ Nay! but will you be ruled by me?”

“ Do with me as you please,” replied the chief; “ for I am the creature of your will—born your slave—and proud to call you the sweet and supreme queen of my existence!”

“ Take care,” said Vaga, laughing, “ that I don’t play the despot. We women are seldom intrusted with the reins of government; and slaves in power, are invariably tyrannical.”

The infant boy, now growing uneasy, began to cry; and holding out his little arms, seemed to solicit to go to his father.

“ Poor fellow !” and Osmond kissed his cheek ; “ you were not wont to be so cross :—but you are not well ; and suffering will sour the sweetest temper.”

“ Make him comprehend,” said Vaga, “ that I shall bring him to Cora ; and the expectation may sooth and tranquillize him.”

“ That would not be fair,” replied Osmond. “ Besides, we should never trifle in the least with children.”

“ I know,” said Vaga, “ it is these too frequent artifices that are practised on the infant mind, which teach it cunning and deceit. I would, therefore, have parents and tutors, in their treatment of young people, make *truth* the grand rule of life and manners — by a steady uniformity in themselves to its laws ; for example is all to children, because we cannot

“speak to their reason: consequently, the precept we would inculcate, must be brought before the senses, so as to strike the sight.—And now,” smiling, “after this declaration, what will Osmond say, when I again request him to give his boy to believe, that I shall bring him to his mother?”

“The lure, in the present state of things, may be right,” rejoined the chief; “nay, is right: for Vaga is the essence of rectitude; and nothing radically wrong can proceed from her.—He kissed her hand; and raising his fine eyes to her face: “No,” continued he, “the error is with me, in doubting for a single instant your celestial intelligence; for the light of truth shines in you!”

The sick child, restored to the bosom of his mother, in Cora, we find

a solution of the figurative sense of Vaga's words.

Vaga's heart discovered the science of happiness ; and in the spirit of universal benevolence—practised truth.

When Vaga consigned to Cora Osmond's languishing baby, she thought her heart felt unusually light. The child, clasped to the bosom of a beloved parent, hanging round the neck of his mother and hugging her—Vaga caught the sweetly lisping sounds that told his joy ; and blushing with secret delight :—O Nature ! thought she, such are thy enchanting luxuries—thy purest feelings ! Yes ! the infantine smile is the sunshine of maternal love ! may it always beam brightly on the parental heart !

Pleased, interested, and delighted,

she stood gazing on the filial picture. —Cora wept over her infant; but her tears were not those of sorrow!—Again, and again, she folded her boy to her breast—and again, and again, in this language of the heart, held a sublime conversation, perfectly intelligible to innocence and love.

The tear of sentiment, is a gem of the soul, and the wealth of Nature! A treasure, rich in an infinity of blessings! Yes! sensibility is the fire of the mind, designed by a benevolent God to warm man in the cold shade of his selfishness! It is the animating spark of our best feelings—affection and tenderness; joys which the mines of Golconda cannot buy—for the sensations of the heart are above all price! —To restrain this honest source of our emotions, is requisite for our peace;—but, to annihilate it entirely,

is to destroy the sweetest pleasures of life. At the same time, indulgence should be limited, and excess guarded against; for intemperance of any kind is an odious deformity; and self-command, the only defence against it.

Osmond's indisposition was a malady of the mind, conquered by the late flattering attention so conspicuous in our heroine's late visit.—Her tender notice was delightful to the chief; and, thus reanimated, the cloud at his heart appeared as if lighted up by the morning sun.

The feeling with which Osmond next met our heroine, can only be conceived.—Pleasure danced in his eyes, joy dilated his heart, and gratitude elevating the affections of his nature—in the thrillings of his felicity he felt—not as a being of this world, but, as a spirit of heaven, supremely blessed.

He tried to speak; but could only utter imperfect sentences, expressive of the sensations she inspired.

Vaga interrupted him:—

“ Osmond !” said she ; “ happy love is doubtless the summit of human bliss—and in the rapid flight of your imagination, you have climbed to an altitude. But remember, that man must not stand still;—and take care that the lover, in his descent, don’t sink the hero into a mere creature of self-love :—an inordinate passion, that swallows up every other affection, is instanced in Osmond’s forgetfulness of his child.

This spoken with a degree of reproach, the chief endeavoured to excuse his agitation; nor could he deny the truth of her assertion.

“ Yes,” replied he, “ love and joy

are too much for the human heart:—
they have overpowered me.”

“ Then,” said Vaga, “ know your weakness ; and, feeble as you are, make a noble effort !—Stifle energies, which it is not in human strength to sustain ! Osmond ! pleasure enervates the faculties and the frame ; and your mind and body need renovation :—but I am preparing for you sweet refreshment—an exhilarating draught, that shall delight and bless you !”

Vaga rose ; and throwing open the door of an inner apartment :—

“ My lord !” continued she, “ turn your eyes this way here is love, drawn by the masterly hand of Nature herself—for your smiling boy, gentle as the bird of Venus, reposes softly in the arms of his mother !”

Osmond came forward; and Cora, throwing back her veil—knelt before him.

The chief, as if a spectre had risen to his view, stood silent, covering his eyes with both his hands.

“ My friend,” said Vaga, “ why this alarm? Are you not glad to see the mother of your child?”

Osmond’s emotions were too strong to admit of speech....his powers seemed to fail him—the pallid hue of death overspread his florid cheek—his arms fell lifeless at his side—and his freezing heart gave him the appearance of a statue.

Cora, in the most melting strain of tenderness, called upon his name; but he turned away from her affection.

“ Osmond, my beloved!” cried she, “ in abandoning your mistress, do not abjure the most faithful of friends!—

for know, that Cora, so far from dividing you from happiness, flew hither an humble advocate in the cause of love! Yes! disguised as a menial, I here recounted over my lord's worth, and deserving; nor did I prove an unsuccessful suitor, for Vaga graciously heard my prayer, and she will bless the noble Osmond—and in the joyous certainty of his happiness, Osmond will bless me!"

The chief, still silent—with downcast eyes, looked transfixed....his breast heaved violently, and he shivered in every nerve.

Vaga perceived the convulsion; and, taking his cold hand between her own, drew him gently to a seat.

"Dear Osmond!" said she, "rest your head on the arm of the sofa, and Cora shall watch by you while you sleep."

The chief, hitherto struggling between love and principle, no longer equal to support the contest, he caught a corner of Vaga's robe; and, holding it firmly to his breast, in an accent of tenderness and grief exclaimed:—

The conflict is over, and my heart did not burst!—But, O Vaga! should you leave me—it must, it shall break!”

Vaga sighed, to think that wisdom, on this occasion, prescribed the cutting knife—for it requires nerves of iron to inflict pain on those we love.

“How imperious is man! said Vaga. “He can live forgetting—but will not live forgotten. . . . Is this strength or weakness?—Answer me, Osmond! and avow openly what you all think secretly!—Say, the world and every thing it contains were made for you!—That women, like other

animals, are destined for your use!—
That you seize on, and devour them,
as the common property of nature!—
That you slaughter their feelings with
the same compunction as a butcher
bleeds his victim—and to this system
of reasoning I shall reply:—

“ Such is the portrait of man!—
Such is the history of past ages!—The
strong opposed to the weak—might,
not right, enforcing undue autho-
rity!—The inordinate selfishness of
man,” continued Vaga, “ is the source
of all the calamities that disorder the
earth. It was this passion that first
introduced a spirit of warfare, and
made men robbers: and it is to self-
love we may attribute cupidity, avarice,
despotism, injustice, and the
whole train of evils which harass the
human race.—What blindness, then,
obstinately to infest our lives with

plague! Oh, Osmond! Nature has done her part; implanted within us a defence against every thing injurious—for reason is the guard of our existence.—Shall we then, ungrateful to this kind parent, spurn her friendly counsel, and reject the blessings she offers to our view?—My friend! I owe my life to your humanity; and, in return, would save your soul from death! Cora loves you, as I love Heaven; and ingratitude is a crime the most vile, even in the sight of men! For the sake of your children, be just to their mother; and, for the sake of my esteem, let not this woman, in her generosity, put a magnanimous man to the blush! Think what this comparatively feeble creature in the spirit of truth accomplished! remember the heroism that could immolate itself, in the service of love; and

let a virtuous emulation animate you to share in the glory!—Believe me, Osmond! we are invested with full powers to arrive at a great height: but the misfortune is, we are either too ignorant, or too slothful, to call them into action! . . . Eager in the pursuit of happiness, we look for it abroad; forgetful that joy is dependent only on ourselves; and that, as we live, the soul is our hell, or our heaven! —Passion is the luxuriance of nature: it ripens quick, as it declines;—and, when withered, robbed of its beauty, we are inclined to think the bloom was all ideal.—As fever consumes the life of man; so, when the grosser affections burn—they die! . . . Nothing, but mind, is permanent.”

Osmond, for a while wrapt in profound gloom, dwelt in silence on the means of peace, established in the doc-

trine of his beloved :—and, at length, the depth of his despair, irradiated by the light of truth, hailing its blessedness; he rose, and cast himself before his good angel, Vaga.

“ Oh, woman!” cried he, “ I am sunk beneath you! but I still lift up my heart to you, for you are a living illumination! . . . Yes, my Vaga! I was in darkness, till, through your brightness, I saw the descending beam, like the sun in his glory, shining full upon me!” . . . He kissed her hands; and, in the ardour of his transport, kissed even the ground at her feet—crying, “ How blessed is my Vaga among women!—and how blessed is Osmond in her blessedness!—Come, Cora ” he exclaimed; “ rejoice with me in the wisdom and the goodness that reunites us!”

Streams of joy flowed from Cora's

eyes; and she wept aloud.—O Osmond! Osmond! incomparable Osmond!” cried she.—“O Vaga! Vaga! matchless, angelic Vaga!” she exclaimed.—Alternately kneeling at the feet of each, she gave herself up to the wildest gratitude; and, in her rapture, impressing a thousand kisses on her baby, seemed almost entranced.

Vaga was not unmoved. . . . No! though stern in virtue, her heart was susceptible of the most tender emotions; and it was some time before she could repress her agitation.

The chief, pale, tender, and subdued, smiled in his conqueror’s face; and the blush of triumph on her cheek, now faded by exquisite sensibility, she looked as if her heart had withered also.

Virtue! thought she, who can speak thy attraction?—O Osmond!

dare I impart my weakness, abject as you think yourself?—This is a moment replete with victory to you! Yes! all lovely in honour, and virtue, as you are—I feel you in my soul—and, for the first time, my affections bow down before you.

The sky, at this instant, deeply overcast—the light of day half obscured, gloom spread around—and the horror, made visible by successive flashes of lightning—Vaga, struck with awe, prostrated herself, and prayed.

The room was now literally illuminated by fire from heaven! The timid Cora, catching her boy closer to her bosom—terrified, shrunk into an adjacent corner: the chief, resolute, followed with his eyes the brightness:—and Vaga, looking up, a tremendous burst of thunder broke

over her head ! . . . The angry elements continued to rage : nor did they abate their fury—till our heroine, struck, perhaps, by the prophetic, dropping a silent tear, fell senseless.

A loud knocking below roused her suspended faculties.

It was two poor travellers, who, exposed to the storm, had ran hither for shelter, and were admitted in by Vaga's people. The tempest ceased—the heavens brightened—and the sun, hitherto eclipsed, again shone forth with renovated brilliancy.

Osmond, tenderly bending over his beloved, raised her ; and, as he supported her in his arms, gazing intently on her beauteous face, he softly repeated :—

I am happy, and can of nought complain, while permitted to see and hear

my love!—the sweetness of whose voice is to me like angelic sounds, breathing peace and joy into the soul of nature! O my Vaga! I respect your person even as I love your mind! and the sanctity of the former is sacred, in my sight, as the temple of the Most High.

Yes, Osmond! your sense of Vaga's excellence was her security—and in your bosom she was safe from impure approach.

Our heroine, with all imaginable tenderness, looked her acknowledgements, in return for a compliment, the highest woman could receive! She was enraptured with her lover's delicate refinement; and beckoning Cora forward —

“ Osmond!” said she, “ be your truth to this woman the evidence of

your devotion to me!—She is yours by the law of the heart; and, as you voluntarily took her to your bosom, the law of righteousness says, you shall not divorce the faithful partner of your bed!”—Here, joining their hands:—the chief, seated between Vaga and Cora, with smiles of love and tenderness regarding each, he took his child on his knee, and cried aloud:—

“ Vaga is the personification of happiness on earth! She diffuses general joy around her!—Cora and Osmond bless her!—and you, my boy, shall be taught to know the true friend of your parents; and in your prayers unite her name with ours!”

This was a moment of most supreme delight to Vaga;—for such a creature of heaven was she, that the bliss of

others was enjoyment in its highest degree to her!—She raised her eyes, in fervent ejaculation:—

“ God bless my honoured, my valued Osmond!”...her heart overflowed—and the tear of gratitude consecrated the soft prayer which her affection breathed.

Loud laughing was now heard throughout the house: and peal succeeding peal, Vaga was inclined to think, that all nature sympathized in the happiness she had created.—This, a sweet reflexion to her, she thought it high time to summon her friends to share in her pleasure; they, out of delicacy, having declined to witness a scene, in its peculiarity, sacred to the parties concerned; and, touching the bell-cord, was answered by the presence of Chili and Benigma. As they entered, seeing the success of

Vaga's enterprise stamped in the happy countenance of Cora, they gave way to the fulness of their joy; and embracing the darling Vaga, laughed, and wept, by turns.

“Sweetest, dearest, of human beings!” cried Chili, in the ecstasy of her feelings, hanging round our heroine—O! you are the soul of love! You dried my tears, ere now, as you have this day dried Cora’s!”

Again the sound of merriment ascended—and again Vaga, with pleased surprise, observed on the festivity:—

“Ah! my friends!” said she, “this is your work!—These shouts are, by your order, in honour of the Bey.”

Benigma undeceived her.—“We reverence the Bey,” replied she, “too much, to give to idle tongues the celebration of his worth: and the cause of the present tumult is simply this:—

Egypt is over-run with fortune-tellers: and two dumb men, of that class, who took shelter here from the storm, have set our servants nearly beside themselves!—The ignorant mind loves the marvellous; and these fellows, who live by their sagacity, know, that to be relished by the vulgar, they must deform nature, and show an ape,—not as he is,—but metamorphosed into a man-monster. Such is the art, in that profession: and these masters are going through their various pantomimic mysteries:—making signs—drawing circles—and, no doubt, reading the nativity of all present.”

Vaga laughed; and, in the innocence of her heart, wishing to partake in the social glee, urged that they should all join in the merriment.

“The sage, the statesman, the lawyer, and even the hero,” said she,

“ in the system of human policy, are obliged to practise finesse :—and little rogues are only humble imitators of great knaves.”

The archness in her eye was fascination; and the witching enchantress made all who heard her, converts to her pleasant meaning.

The enraptured Osmond, laughing, looked the semblance of his heart's glee, and exultingly exclaimed :—

“ Yes! let us have the jugglers!—and, in the puppet-show, we shall trace the world in miniature! see solemnity sily laughing at gravity—and grave airs caricatured!”

The mystics were accordingly summoned—and, preceded by a train of domestics, with slow tread, and down-cast eyes, they came forward—and, facing Vaga, stopped.

Their faces were curiously painted

—their dress was fantastic—and, making signs for permission, instantly they commenced their antics.

First, they turned themselves towards the sun—then, wheeling three times about, hand in hand, saluted Vaga.

Secretly amused, she bowed her head; and happening to let fall her handkerchief, one of the “wise men,” picking it up, with the air of a gallant lifted it to his lips; and, impressing a kiss upon it, put it in his bosom.

The Bey’s proud heart swelled—he thought hidden insult lurked in the freedom of this action—and his whole soul taking fire, springing from his seat, he put his hand to his sabre. . . . The fortune-teller, assuming an attitude of command, transpierced him with his eyes!—Osmond’s nerves relaxed—a tremour seized him—and

Vaga catching his arm, he sunk down on the couch beside her.

The “ wise men ” now began to converse together on their fingers, as if debating upon something. Then one of them, drawing a line of separation, in chalk, between Vaga and the chief; the other, taking from his breast a small carved figure, laid it at her feet.

The sculpture represented a wounded Cupid—and, on the pedestal, an inscription in English fixing our heroine’s attention, she read:—

“ Has Vaga forgotten her first love?”

The magic began to work Our heroine clasped her hands; and, in the language of Britain, answered:—

“ Oh, no!—Never! never!”

A scroll now met her sight:—the fortune-teller held it up to view; and

Vaga, tracing the characters on the label, read :—

“ Then why coquet it here with Osmond?—Why linger in Egypt?—Why unmindful of your country, your father, and your friend?”

Vaga, in silent submission, bent her head.—Chili and Benigma, mute with astonishment, looked awfully to the “ wise men,” in quest of further revelation.—Osmond, to whom the writing was unintelligible, haughtily frowning, seemed to retire within himself—and Cora’s child, alarmed by the grotesque appearance of these people, screaming violently,—the men, somewhat reluctantly, retired.

Our heroine, quite overwhelmed, sat for some time in a kind of uneasy stupor. The blackest gloom clouded her soul; and a temporary death in-folding her spirit, only alive to the

horrors of the grave, weary of light and life—she sunk, totally depressed.

As we voluntarily share in the sufferings of those we hold dear, Vaga's affliction instantly filled with misery the fond heart of her lover.

The chief threw himself lowly before her : his affection could hardly be restrained, and he kissed both her hands, in turn. Pierced by his all-powerful love, with a look of fixed sorrow, she showered down upon him the streams of her anguish.

“ O Osmond !” sobbed the generous girl—“ Why may I not divide myself equally among the worthy ?—You, who, at the risk of your own existence, preserved my life !—gracious God ! must I repay that act of distinguished bravery and generosity, with grief ? . . . Alas ! alas ! I am a source of affliction to all who love me ;

for, a dear, deserted, and fond parent, looks forward to my return : and shall friendship silence the calls of my father within me?"

" No! no!" exclaimed the chief, again kissing her hands : " I swear by all that's true!—By Allah, I wish it not!—To nature's claim, Osmond's love surrenders —O Vaga! know me, in future, for your friend! or, if in love, it is with your mind I am enamoured!" Here, in the fervour of his affection, straining her to his heart—
" Yes!" he cried, " your virtue is the idol I worship. . . . I have no happiness but yours! And when Vaga is joyous, could Osmond know a sorrow? —Go, then," continued this exalted man; " and, in the performance of your duty, be happy! We will take a long—but not an eternal leave of each other :—you will promise to think of

me sometimes; and my soul shall be with you always!—You will report to your father, that you are beloved; that Osmond's affection was your safeguard, and, in its purity, wrapping celestial covering round you!—and, oh! let all hallow, as I did, the innocence of my Vaga!”

Mute admiration was depicted in the countenance of every one present.

Cora leaned over the chief with such a look of reverential love, as pilgrims wear when they kneel before the shrine.—Benigma, bathed in tears, reached out her hand to the Bèy:—Chili, smiling, thought, how blessed the mother of such a son!—and Vaga, looking to, and from, Osmond; her eyes, at last, fastening on him, the tenderness of her heart breaking prison, she cried:

“ Osmond! When I leave you, I

shall not leave you for ever!—we will meet again, my friend, where it shall be best for us!—and we shall meet daily in the hallowed asylum of our sacred affections.”

She rose, the heaven of sentimental glory beaming around her; and throwing her veil over her, retired to her apartment; there to supplicate the influence of the pure Spirit.

Having prayed for some time, she dropped into a disturbed sleep, and dreamt that two turtle doves flew into her bosom—that one beat itself to death on her breast—and that the other, all panting, but soft as cygnets’ down, crept close to her heart, for shelter! Poor little birds, thought she, I shall dislodge neither of you!—The turtle that is dead—where it fell, there let it lie and, as the survivor fond-

ly clings to me, I'll cherish it with hospitality and love.

When Vaga awoke, the vision, being strong in her recollection, she told it to her friends.

“ I know I am superstitious,” said Chili; “ but, my Vaga! dreams are the action of the soul, and the eye of the mind. I do believe that some minds penetrate into futurity. . . . I do, then,” continued she, “ review, in this vision, an apt type of rivalry.—Love, between the sexes, is a sentiment confined to *one*; and the death of the dove illustrates it; for it perished beside a fellow turtle, in your bosom.”

Our heroine smiled at the conceit; and thought, how much more conducive to happiness are the calm feelings of friendship, than the jealous energies of love!

Yes ! friendship is a reasonable affection—equal, temperate, and fixed :—an honest tribute, founded on judgment :—liberal, expansive, unconfined. The ample heart of friendship is capacious enough to find room for the whole species !—It is the vale of peace ; and the purest happiness dwells in it !—Not so the warmer passion of the heart :—Nature's child, wild, inspired, unsteady, seducing, and seduced—a fine-spun joy : like the cobweb, no sooner formed, than perhaps destroyed.

CHAPTER 9.

VAGA was as yet undetermined, whether to proceed forward, over land, on her travels; or take shipping at Alexandria, for Naples; in order to visit Italy, and the Low Countries, in her way to England.

Her love of research, strengthened by the positive injunction of Bathmendi,—who, in his wisdom, had prescribed for the accomplished tourist an additional polish to that which may be derived from books, in the cultivation of a personal acquaintance with nations, rude and refined,—impelled

her onward in the acquirement of knowledge. She felt, that now to return to Europe, would be to leave her work unfinished; and only hesitated on Osmond's account, whom she apprehended, in consequence of his respect for her, would make it a point to be himself her guard of honour, through a country not a little perilous to the Christian traveller.

It was, however, after some debate, resolved, that Vaga should wave all reserve with the chief; and, throwing herself upon his friendship, freely communicate, at once, her scruples and her wishes.

Accordingly, when Osmond next waited on Vaga, she frankly told him her history; by which he learned, that to extend her inquiries by travel, was a duty imperative on her.

The Bey regarded Vaga with a look

of silent homage, and bending towards her, lightly touched her forehead with his hand, and whispered :—

“ Yes ! my wanderer dear ! my dearest love ! and fairest of the fair ! you bear the stamp of the most angelic !—and wo to him who shall offend your purity ! . . . I have,” continued he, “ already resigned my Vaga to duty and her father ! Nor do I shrink at going over the trial again.—Take her, Virtue !—Take her, Bathmendi !—Take her, God of my life !—She is your own ; and I durst not dispute the treasure with you ! . . . Yet, my Vaga ! before we part, you will hear the prayer of love :—a fond, a last request it is.”

He bent a knee in reverence, and gently added :—

“ Since Osmond, by your will, is forbidden to attend in person on you ;

let him, at least, give you his protection; for in this desert wild I dare not trust my Vaga, unless in care of proper escort. A chosen band, doubly armed, led by a brave captain, shall take in charge my wanderer; and in the warlike leader she will find a man on whom she may depend.—A Moor he is; but, though his countenance be black, the sun shines in his heart; for unsullied honour dwells in him.”

Vaga’s dimpled aspect told her secret feeling, at this recent proof of her lover’s affection.—She looked fondly upon him, and smiling, answered:—

“ I shall think myself safe—nay, happy — accompanied by Osmond’s people.”

“ One grant more,” exclaimed the chief, “ and I am blessed !”

“ Name it,” said Vaga; “ and, if I

have the power, trust to my gratitude."

"Then," answered the Bey, "permit me to follow in your suite, as far as Grand Cairo; and rest you and your friends at my palace?"

Our heroine looked wistfully at Chili and Benigma; then, turning to her lover, referred him to their discretion; who, without hesitation, decided the grant in his favour.

"Oh!" cried Chili, appealing to Benigma; "could we be niggardly to Osmond's deservings? The hero, who saved us all, in saving Vaga!—No! his inestimable services are entitled to grace and favour at our hands; and if we stretch a point, in the fervour of our thankfulness—let prudes buzz abroad, and cold casuists question. Their malice will fall harmless, before

the just Power, who can distinguish between broad-fronted sin—and woman's weakness."

Our travellers' route arranged, and their orders accordingly issued, in the course of a few days they commenced their journey on horseback, along the banks of the Nile, escorted by the Bey and his guards. Our heroine's train, mounted on fine Egyptian steeds, brought up the rear of the first party: and, having rode several miles, they halted for the night, under canvass, in a fine open plain. Refreshments had been sent forward; and the panniers being emptied, abundance was spread over the field. Osmond, amid the shouts of his men, welcomed first his fair friends, and then his trusty followers, to the banquet.

No shade obscured the glow of sunset. The horizon was delicately ro-

seate. Over the whole line of plains, the landscape, in tints so soft, was to the eye, what the sweetest strain of poetry is to the heart:—all tender, and enchanting.

The minute features of such a scene, the pencil only can describe. The martial appearance of the Mamloukes; the splendor of the train; the bold, the deep, the sublime in perspective—exhibited a grandeur of outline, worthy to exercise the powers of a *Salvator Rosa*.

The clear blue tint of the sky, animated with the evening blush. The green valley, lighted by these fires. The generous pasture; flocks and herds reposing in shade. “The pomp of groves,” flowers and myrtles; plantations of oranges, grapes, figs, and palm trees, luxuriantly waving over the refreshing waters, and offering tribute to

the guardian genius of the country—the Nile.—Wooded slopes, fringed with shrubs—the lengthened distance sinking with the evening-sun, till obscured by the mists of twilight. A thin vapour, passing over the influence of day, through which the blushing tints, peculiar to the time, were seen to shift, as they floated away, vanishing before other shadowy illusions, glowing in the west with enchanting effect. The warlike character of the guards, the rich dress of the chiefs, banners waving, the glitter of lances and arms, piled in the foreground, coloured by the sun's last light, under the happiest circumstances of situation—formed the picture.

The Bey, with the ladies, sat apart—the soldiery, at a distance feasted—and the attendants, scattered in the

rear, caroused over the plenteous repast till the evening was far advanced; and fatigue stealing upon them, all respectively laid themselves down to rest.

At dawn of day they were again in motion; the tents were struck; and the Mamloukes, well appointed, mounted on Egyptian chargers, and drawn up in line, seeing their chief approach, the generale sounded—the Bey waved his sword; and, on the recovery, giving the word, the troop advanced. Osmond next succeeded; and the proud animal that bore him, as if conscious of his noble burden, neighing, stepped, foaming, beside the lovely Vaga, who was mounted on a milk white courser, furnished with a green silk net, and trappings of gold. Then Chili and Benigma came on, their

horses' feet beating measures on the ground: and, lastly, a crowd of attendants closed the cavalcade.

In this sumptuous order, our travellers, on the fifth day, entered Cairo. One and twenty guns, fired from the battery, saluted the chief, and a guard of honour received him. A multitude soon assembled, and hailed the arrival of the Bey. What a glorious exhibition!—Men, women, and children, prostrating themselves, and shouting welcome and long life to Osmond! The air rang with unremitted huzzas; and, as he passed, the populace, elevated on each other's shoulders, reiterated praises and blessings on him.

The chief, bowing his head, smiled upon his people: and Vaga exulting in the glory of her lover—the sensation was almost too powerful for her heart. A silent tear fell on her blush-

ing cheek, checked by the joyous pleasantry of the Bey, who, half laughing, whispered:—

“ I father a large family, my Vaga ! for these flattering rogues are all my children.”

So saying, now in front of his palace, he lightly bounded on the ground; and taking Vaga in his arms, carried her up thirty-two steps of Paphian marble, terminated by a noble colonnade. Slaves in rich attire, ranged on either side, each gracefully bent a knee, as the Bey and his guests passed. The company then advanced into the hall of state; a vocal band struck up, while Osmond, and the ladies, partook of an elegant collation, spread on a service of burnished gold.—Parterres of roses, breathing sweet scent through the gilded lattices, filled the air with odour: and the enamoured chief, when

he could unperceived rest his eyes on the beloved Vaga, drinking her beauties in, thought he already experienced the sweetest joys of Paradise—as explained by the prophet.

The ladies retired to rest; and, when sufficiently recruited, out of respect to the princely master of the mansion, appeared suitably ornamented.

Vaga wore a silver muslin robe, with a turban of the same texture. A chain of inestimable brilliants adorned her neck, and a diamond star beamed through the dark tresses that shaded her snowy forehead. Her eyes, like orbs of lambent fire, sent forth one continued blaze of brightness; and around her dimpled mouth, a thousand loves lay hid in ambush. She came forth, blushing in the power of her beauty: and Osmond, as he advanced

to meet her, dazzled by her brightness, for a moment drew back ; then springing forward, and seizing her hand, he held it to his throbbing heart—his speaking eyes, the while, in their magic meltings, were eloquent on the ever-springing delights of virtuous love.

As a mark of distinction to his guests, the chief nominated this a day of jubilee ; and, by proclamation, invited his people to join in the general festivity that reigned throughout the palace. The gardens and pleasure-grounds were thrown open, refreshments prepared, and tables spread for the multitude. At the decline of the sun, a brilliant illumination of variegated lamps, hung fancifully amid the trees, shed new light ; and in their combined effect produced all the witchery of enchantment throughout

the fairy scene. The crowd seated in flowery bowers, or recumbent in the shade of groves, every now and then celebrated their pleasure with acclamations of delight. The sound of a lyre gave exquisite effect to the scene. The lyrist, an Athenian youth, sweetly picturesque, was adorned with wreaths of myrtle; his neck and arms were uncovered. He stood on a little eminence; and having touched the strings of the cithara, began to play a fine soft Italian air. The rich melody seemed to glide on the gale, till it reached the heart; and, as if charmed himself by the magic of Italian expression, with no feigned sensibility, he heightened the enchantment by a variety of attitudes; assisted by a lightness of figure, and gracefulness of deportment, the most attractive. The rondo, played, as it were, by the

hand of the enchanter, charmed into still rapture the whole assembly: no breath agitated the air—Echo, herself, seemed to have melted away to the sound of tenderness, till the changing measure struck a spell more animated. The full sound then flourished, in gay tones, the character of the happiest; victory, and love, seeming to mark the beauty and grandeur of the last part. The moon, rising abruptly, threw her silver shadows over the lighted lamps: and the rich illumination, touched with the long slanting beams of that effulgent planet, setting over the orangery, distinctly displayed the lively coloured fruit; the bright hues of plants and flowers, the cool ever-green, together with the diversity of people, in groups, beneath the trees. The music was heard at intervals; and a grand show of slaves, in at-

tendance, appeared throughout the groves.

Osmond, and the ladies, were seated in one of the balconies, under a canopy of silver tissue, commanding a fine view of the grand display. Here they took their coffee, and afterwards regaled on sweetmeats and delicious fruits ; while a fine appearance of handsome slaves danced before them after the Turkish fashion. Twelve Greek singing girls next advanced, in procession. Their dress was peculiar to their Island : [Sciæ]. It consisted of a petticoat, reaching to the knee ; a garment of silk, the bosom and arms bare ;—white silk stockings, yellow slippers, and a thin white turban. The Grecian women have at all times been remarkable for their personal beauty ; and these young females

were the most perfect models of human loveliness. Each of the singing girls having bowed down to the ground, in demonstration of due homage; their voices gradually, in concert swelling, fell upon the ear—while they sweetly commemorated, in the following song, the virtuous deeds, and warlike exploits, of their lord, the Bey:—

Sound the martial clang of war!

Zephyrs waft it from afar!

Nations bow beneath his nod!

Nations own your earthly god!

The front of Mars sits on his brow;

Before his valour myriads bow;

Repeat the strain, the numbers swell;

'Tis Heaven, on Osmond's name to dwell.

The sun's full beam, Golconda's mines,

In Osmond's form of beauty shines:

Heavenly essence! soul of fire!

All that beauty can desire!

Ray of brightness from above !

Child of virtue ! son of love !

Repeat the strain, the numbers swell ;

'Tis Heaven, on Osmond's name to dwell.

Vaga listened with musing attention to these warblers of the night ; and, as the last stanza was repeated, involuntarily joined her voice to theirs.

Osmond, wild with transport, devouring the sounds she breathed ; in an ecstasy of gratitude and love flung himself at the feet of the soul-inspiring songstress.—Joy and pleasure seemed to preside over the festival : every one appeared inspired with mirth and delight. The pacha, and some officers of the state, by invitation, assembled at supper ; and the repast was served in the banqueting-room. The luxurious style and

splendour of the feast, beggared all description.

The apartment was brilliantly lighted up,—incrusted looking-glass formed the wainscot—the base was composed of Mosaic work—light Corinthian pillars highly gilt, and reaching to the ceiling, supported the lofty roof, raised in dome fashion, beautifully painted; which represented Apollo and the nine Muses. The windows were arched for the more free circulation of air, and were made of Venetian glass furnished with embroidered silk hangings. The floor was covered with cloth of gold; and on either side of the Ottomans were silver vases filled with rare exotic plants. Delicious essences were burning. Thirty slaves, in robes of purple, attended, with salvers bearing sherbet, perfumes, &c. Rich vel-

vet, wrought with gold, covered the couches, placed round the table, furnished with a course of the choicest delicacies. Flowers and fruits, tastefully interspersed amid a profusion of costly fare, revived, with their fragrance, the sated appetite: the blaze of plate was oppressive to the sight; but, relieved by groves of oranges and lemons, reflected through glass doors on the right and left, the eye rested—at once charmed and refreshed. Amaranth, myrtles, and roses, diffused a delicious odour over all the apartment. Fillagree baskets, filled with flowers, were presented to the guests, with which they adorned themselves. Delightful revival of Attic taste! highly coloured and luxurious, as the vales of Cnidus!

Such a scene of enchantment Vaga had never before beheld; it outstrip-

ped even the flight of her vivid imagination—and her spirits again called into play—joy heightened the blushes on her cheeks—love sported in her eyes—and the soul-enrapturing smile of pleasure, kissing her dewy-lips, sipped honied sweets from this Venusian spring—pledged by the delighted glances of her lover. Osmond's heart beat high:—the senses, immersed in bliss, his brain whirled round. But gazing on the virtuous Vaga recalled his scattered senses; for though infatuated by his passion, yet so fondly was he devoted to the charms of learning and the mind, that in his familiar converse he enlarged on such subjects as he conceived most adapted to the taste of his fair friends.—The discourse at length turned on the antiquities of Egypt. With true patriotic pride, the chief enumerated the

several extant records of the ancient glory of the country.

Vaga, delighted with a conversation that promised her so much additional knowledge, eagerly listened to the historical remarks made by Osmond.

“ That ancient Egypt,” said Vaga, “ was the original seat of knowledge, is past dispute. From hence the Greeks derived their acquaintance with astronomy, physic, and philosophy; and the fragments of Egyptian architecture evince a perfect finish: but the antiquity that chiefly excites my curiosity, is so deeply immersed in obscurity, as to defy the researches of history itself.”

“ Do you mean the pyramids?” said Osmond.

“ Yes,” replied our heroine; “ I allude to their seeming uselessness.— The great pyramid we passed in our

way to this city, may be a prodigy of architecture; but, to all appearance, the structure, when raised, was void of utility."

"Nay," said the chief; "though we cannot speak from positive evidence, it is generally supposed, that the pyramids were intended as tombs for the kings."

"I am aware," replied Vaga, "that there are many idle accounts, relative to the original intention of these celebrated edifices. Some story-tellers insist that the great pyramid " was " built at the expense of a courtezan, " famous for the immense wealth bestowed on her by her gallants:—" and others assert, that as " Rhodope " was bathing herself at Naucrates, " an eagle carried away one of her " sandals, and dropped it near Psammiticus, at Memphis. The monarch

“ was so struck with its beauty, that
“ he ordered strict inquiry to be made
“ for the owner, married her, and
“ afterwards raised this monument
“ to her memory.”

The Bey having discussed the past and present situation of Egypt; the spirit and character of its antiquities; its modern government and manners; together with the political circumstances of the Turkish empire, at this period ; — the company separated for the night. Vaga, occupied with each new accession to her passion for knowledge, felt her impatience grow, to visit those places, famous in history for adventures and facts, as already treated on.

The following day was employed by Vaga, Chili, and Benigma, in seeing whatever was worthy of notice in Grand Cairo. They were conducted

by Osmond, and his suite, first through the old, then into the new town.

The castle, which defends the city, was the next object of their attention. It is a beautiful antique; and its works are most extensive. Several of the apartments are in tolerable preservation; pictures, in Mosaic work, adorn the pannels, disposed between fluted columns of white marble, which support the domed ceiling.—The famous Saladine is said to have been the founder of this castle.

In the evening, Osmond's palace and gardens were again illuminated; and witnessed a repetition of the Turkish dance, and chorus, by singing girls; concluded, as before, with a sumptuous feast.

Thus, with a diversity of new entertainments, six happy days sped their rapid flight.—At night, when Vaga

sought her chamber, the spangled vault of heaven, shining through the casement, directed her thoughts to a review of the planetary system, under the name of astronomy.

The evening star, in its superior lustre eclipsing every other planet in the circle—"There," said Vaga, (intently gazing on the soft and voluptuous sky), Venus rises west of the sun; nor, after he sets, quits the course of the luminary, but in the evening eastward shines! Hence, as the forerunner of Phœbus, Venus is a problem placed in the heavens, being the first and the last."

She paused and, seating herself at the lattice, her mind was for some time so entirely occupied by her thoughts on philosophy, that she, in a great degree, lost sight of the anxious care, which, during the latter part

of that day, had checked her spirits ; till having too far pursued the enthusiastic course her ideas had taken, she yielded, without a struggle, to the oppression at her heart.

“ O Osmond ! ” thought she ; “ what spell have you bound around me, that thus my heart shrinks from the approaching hour that shall witness a separation—the necessity of which powerfully appeals to every sense of delicacy and honour?—How is it,” continued she, weeping, “ that the magic influence of this man’s virtue, instead of adding to the energy of my character, seems to have reduced it! . . . Oh ! spirit of my father !—O Angelo ! awaken within me ! . . . Let your almost unexampled resolution brace, with more than my sex’s strength, this woman’s heart of mine ;—for, though I do not fear a derelict-

tion in my principles, yet, in this fever of life, I tremble at the weakness of infirm nature; and, in spite of every effort, start from the force of the Bey's distress at parting, knowing that his seeming resignation is but a partial concealment of his sorrow." Sighing deeply, and shedding a torrent of tears, as she poured out her passion, she exclaimed :—

“ The feeling that sympathizes in the grief of a fellow-being, let it affect—it cannot disgrace me!—My heart may sink in my breast; but it will never grow cold, till I am no more!” Casting her eyes on the luxuriant gardens underneath, a soft, but brilliant, colouring seeming to repose on every object, how deep—how beautiful, was the scene! An universal pause! All nature, wrapped in

sleep—save the moon, that lighted the tender character of the landscape.

“Happy, happy retreat!” thought Vaga, “adorned by the presence, and blessed with the distinguished excellence, of the princely Osmond! Haunt of nature, love, and peace! here, time, like the joys of our youth, quick, and trackless, flies. . . . Yet, when I leave these tranquil vales, shall I not bear in my heart’s remembrance the lovely scene?”

After thus indulging in the silence of retirement, Vaga concluded her meditations with prayer; and having betaken herself to her couch—balmy sleep with delicious poppies strewed her pillow.—She rose with the new day, refreshed, and cheerful; and the morning air wafting the fragrance of

flowers and fruits, she walked out to inhale its sweet breath.

The sun had just risen, and dew-drops bespangled the earth.—Vaga sought the coolest shade in the garden; and as she threw herself on a seat, hearing a rustling near her, alarmed lest Osmond should have watched her steps, and desirous to avoid all private conversation with him, she precipitately took to flight; but her speed was soon arrested by the soft supplication of a female voice. On turning round her head, she discovered Cora in pursuit of her.

The Circassian, devoutly bending before our heroine, caught her offered hand.....“ Most noble of women!” she cried, “ pardon this intrusion.—I feel what I am—and I am sensible of all I owe to you. I would not

offend either my lord's commands, or the customs of your country, by my presence, had I the power to resist my will....I come, lady, urged by a something in my mind, that, as yet, has not formed itself into words....Say it is instinct; say it is the heart, that guides methis meeting with Vaga is necessary to my peace.—Lady,” continued she, “to morrow's dawn, I understand, is fixed for your departure; and you are going,—oh! how distant!....This I know, and *more*Osmond may see Vaga again; but Cora never!”

Vaga, struck by the last impressive sentence, as she revolved it over in her mind, a painful impression pressed heavily on her heart....She coloured crimson deep—and it was some moments before she could speak.

“Cora,” said she at length, “that I am pleased with Osmond’s delicacy, with regard to you and myself, I shall not pretend to deny; and if any thing could increase my high opinion of the Bey, it is his decorous observance of me, in the present instance. The rules of society, as established for the good of the community, are divine laws; and their influence on English manners I consider the highest distinction Great Britain boasts. . . . What I have said,” continued Vaga, “applies exclusively to the customs of the country I call mine—and, acting as I have done by Cora, her innate innocence cannot possibly take alarm, concerning her situation, sanctioned in Egypt by religion itself.—Thus far with candour I have spoken; and now, (her lips quivering), I must press the subject farther, and see one dark hint, dropped

by the betrothed of Osmond, fairly unveiled, and given to the light.—Cora will then speak out, and frankly tell me, Have I ever, by my conduct, unwittingly given her pain?”

“Lady,” replied the Circassian, reddening, “that is a question I cannot answer!—Oh! no! no! for, when we feel the most, we speak the least.—Here, bursting into tears, and falling on her knees, with impassioned energy she added:—

Ya Allah! God of my forefathers, bless the Vaga!—May Cora’s grateful prayers draw down an host from heaven, to guard and guide the wanderer!”—Again she indulged her tears; again her heart laboured, as if it would burst; and again looking up to heaven, she once more, with feeling and with fervour, blessed her friend.

Not more inscrutable and obscure

are the mysteries of the grave, than the windings of the human heart.— If one may so say, Cora, at this moment, was animated by two souls—one, under the direction of simple affection and gratitude—the other, exercising, without control, the capricious humour of a selfish passion, in a mean mind.

Strange contradiction this! Unfathomable as nature's depth! But, oh! how faithful to her secret operations! —The image of Vaga's excellence elevated the mind of the Circassian, till Osmond's power over her heart tempted her to descend from her altitude.... Yet did Cora doubt the source of her own tears; and, mistaken in their application, would willingly impose upon herself, that it was the approaching departure of Vaga that affected her.

Our heroine was the pupil of nature! It was all sensation with her, as she felt every thing, almost before she understood any thing. Her eyes were settled on Cora; and, while she gazed, penetrated by her grief, with a trembling hand she drew her gently towards her; and seeming to think how insufficient all attempt at consolation must be on this occasion,—hung over her, lost in melancholy reverie.

The tenderness in Vaga's manner only served to increase Cora's agitation. She uttered several imperfect sentences, almost unconscious of what she said; and then, wishing Vaga every future happiness, spoke of the intended journey with all the solicitude of anxious affection.

“Lady!” cried she, “these countries, however awful to the lone

adventurer, you may traverse without fear!—Secure in Osmond's protection; with a guard of honour in the advance, the Bedouin Arab, rapacious and formidable as he is, will never provoke a battle with the Mamlouk. But, should the most ferocious legion of the desert dare an attack, the troop, headed by the Bey

At this break, Cora, apparently under a failure of mind, paused: her eyes watched Vaga's countenance, her lips trembled, and her features became fixed.

Vaga, powerfully impressed by the scene, and supposing she had now come at the cause of this poor creature's inquietude—over-joyous at the idea of bringing her heart relief—began to explain away the mistake relating to the chief.

Cora was reserved in her reply.

She appeared thoughtful:—and, musing for a while, on a sudden asking a few questions concerning the Mamlouk escort, hastily inquired, “Whether Osmond had yet announced the Moorish captain appointed to command the guard?”

“Yes,” replied Vaga; “and I feel inspired with the utmost confidence in his character.”

“He is a miracle of valour,” said Cora; “and, by way of distinction, generally styled the worthy”

The presence of a slave interrupted the discourse. She beckoned Cora forward; who, waving her hand for the slave to retire, hastily rising, said with quickness:—

“Lady! ’tis the signal that my lord is returned from the bath, and I must not venture to linger longer here: but, before I utter a last farewell, ere I part

from you for ever—suffer me to breathe one maternal hope one fond prayer !”

Tears again interrupted her words ; and once more casting herself on her knees ; in a voice half stifled by excessive emotion :—“ O Vaga !” she cried, “ my heart will not be restrained ! Our days are numbered ; and a mournful presentiment tells me, that mine have not long to run The august Osmond, a prey to hopeless love, may, like me, fall early Most noble lady ! think then of him—think of Cora’s children !—you are their first, and, I hope, will continue their best friend !—Oh ! let not the Bey go down before his time but to protect a motherless offspring—pity, and save, the dear father of my babes !”

During this speech, our heroine experienced a sensation, as if her temples

were bound round with iron—an aching seized her in the back of her head—and her senses failing her, she leaned against a tree.

Cora ascribing her silence to a profound consideration of the subject; with solemn earnestness again repeated, that her fate was at hand . . . and strenuously renewing the prayer on which her hopes and wishes rested, spoke of Osmond, and her children, in terms so truly genuine, that, in the unstudied phrase, every word forced its way to the heart.

Vaga's suspended faculties, roused by the pathetic pleader, dissolving into tears, she could only listen and weep: but those tears were the dearest assurances of comfort to Cora; for they told, in the best manner, a combination of feelings and sentiments, just to the occasion; but, in their pe-

culiarity, only to be expressed by the silent meltings of the heart.

The Circassian, in this interview, had stirred up a sort of self-rebellion in the opinion and ideas of our heroine, that showed her, at intervals through the day, a traitor both to her head and her heart.

In spite of her reason and enlarged observation, the superstitious foreboding, in the conversation of Cora, deeply impressed her....she shrunk from it with an emotion of self-reproach; and, when Osmond appeared before her, an inexplicable apprehension pressed so suddenly on her heart, that she could scarcely support the internal tremour which shook her soul.

The Bey, on the contrary, in his self-possession, evinced a complete triumph over himself. If tender in his manner, he was yet placid, and unagi-

tated; and if he expressed anxiety, it was not on the account of his own private sorrow, but for Vaga's health, and comfort; knowing how much of fatigue and privation she must necessarily endure in her route through the depths of a vast desert; destitute of all supplies, and uninhabited, save by a race of Arabs, habituated to live in a state of wretchedness and famine.

“ Yet, my Vaga !” said he, “ pursue the will of your father ! Finish the work you have so well begun ! Go on in the study of mankind, and be instructed ! Love nature, and admire the beauties of art !” Then seeming to lose sight of the lover in the character of the host, all the vigour of his soul sparkling in his eyes, he did the honours of his palace to the admiration of every person present; and was that evening superior to himself.

The resolution manifest in such a conduct, was worthy of Osmond.—Vaga eyed him with mute astonishment!—Divinely pre-eminent man! thought she; you express the perfection of the soul; for, your bodily fire, refined from animal impurities, the mortal, in you, is a summary of heavenly blessedness! . . . And I shall take this precept to my bosom, and lay it to my heart. When the passions of the mortal part are swallowed up in the powers of the mind—man is, indeed, a celestial creature upon earth!

A festival, in honour of the Nile, is annually celebrated, at Grand Cairo, about the seed-time of the year; and this happened to be the time it occurred. On this occasion, the men and women assembled on the banks of the river, danced, and sung hymns, in celebration of these generous waters,

and their phænomena. They wore chaplets of roses on their heads, and carried branches of laurel in their hands; and, in the night-time, walked with lighted torches up and down the streets, repeating their cries of joy, and singing innumerable sonnets, suited to the occasion.

After performing this ceremony, recurring to their favourite chief, the Bey—the name of Osmond was re-echoed with enthusiasm—and the character of the hero eulogized by the people, with one accord they bore away toward his palace, shouting, as they went along—

“ Osmond Bey !—Commander !—Prince !—Our lord !—Our ruler !—Live for ever ! ” Then decking the portico and doors of the palace with sprigs of laurel—entwined with myrtle and roses, the enthusiastic multitude

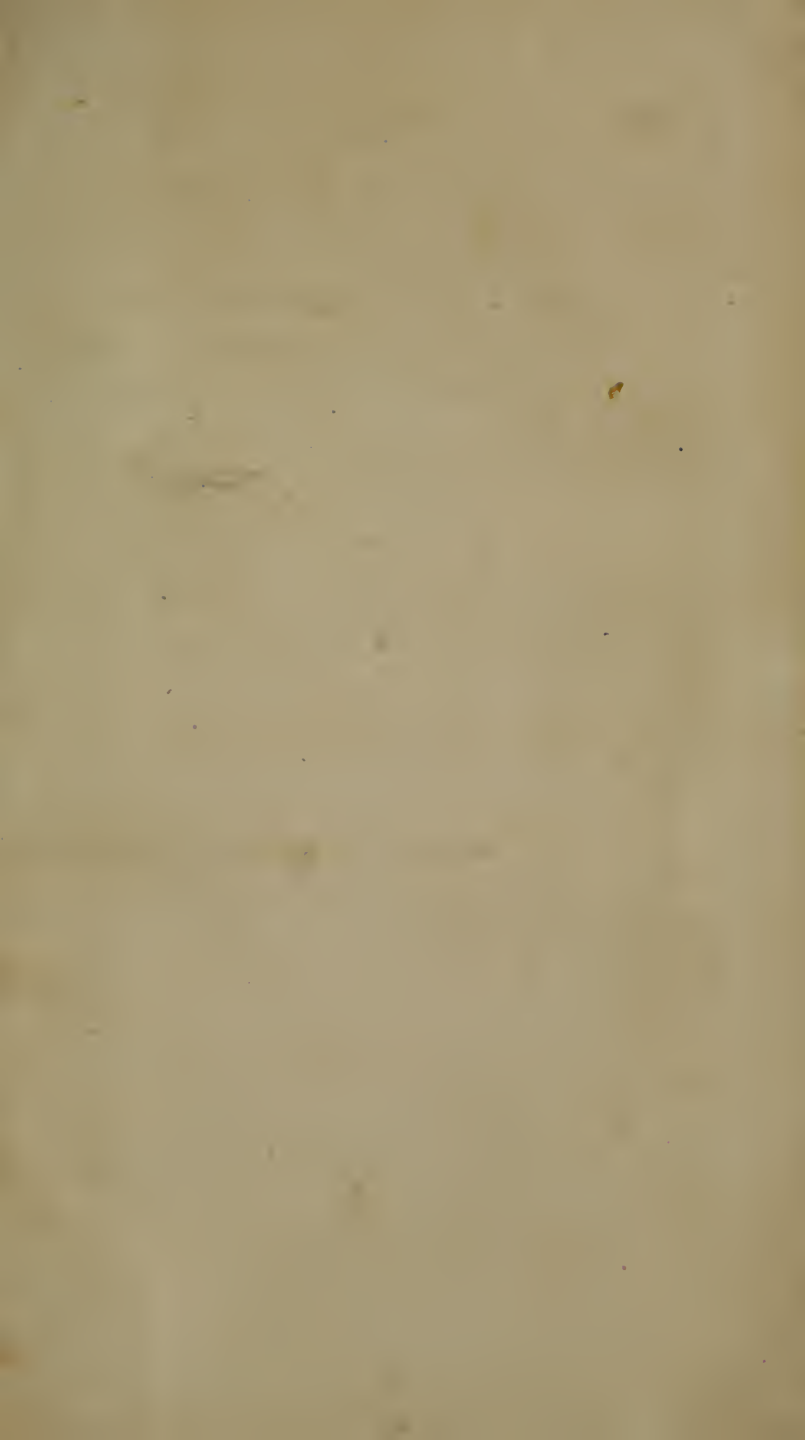
again expressed their undeviating homage.

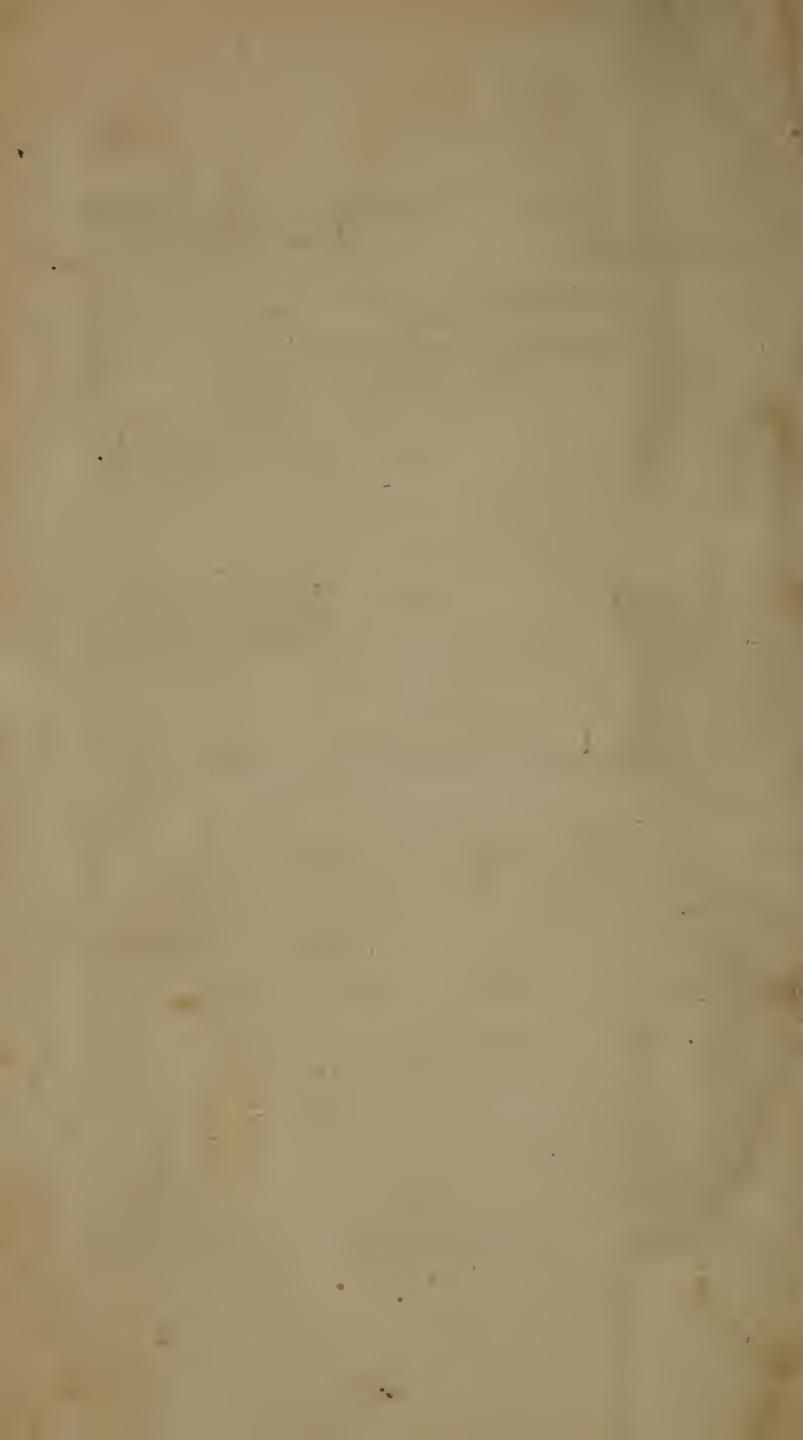
This event gave a charming effect to the pleasures of the last day. The approaching separation seemed forgotten in the triumph and joy of the scene: and when it was time to retire, Osmond, in his usual manner, took leave of his friends, apparently unwilling to cloud the impression of the past with a formal farewell:—but looking the sentiment of regret, that intruded on his happiness....“ God be with you, my Vaga!” cried he. “ Chili, and Benigma, good night!”—His voice faltered; and, turning away, he hastily quitted the room.

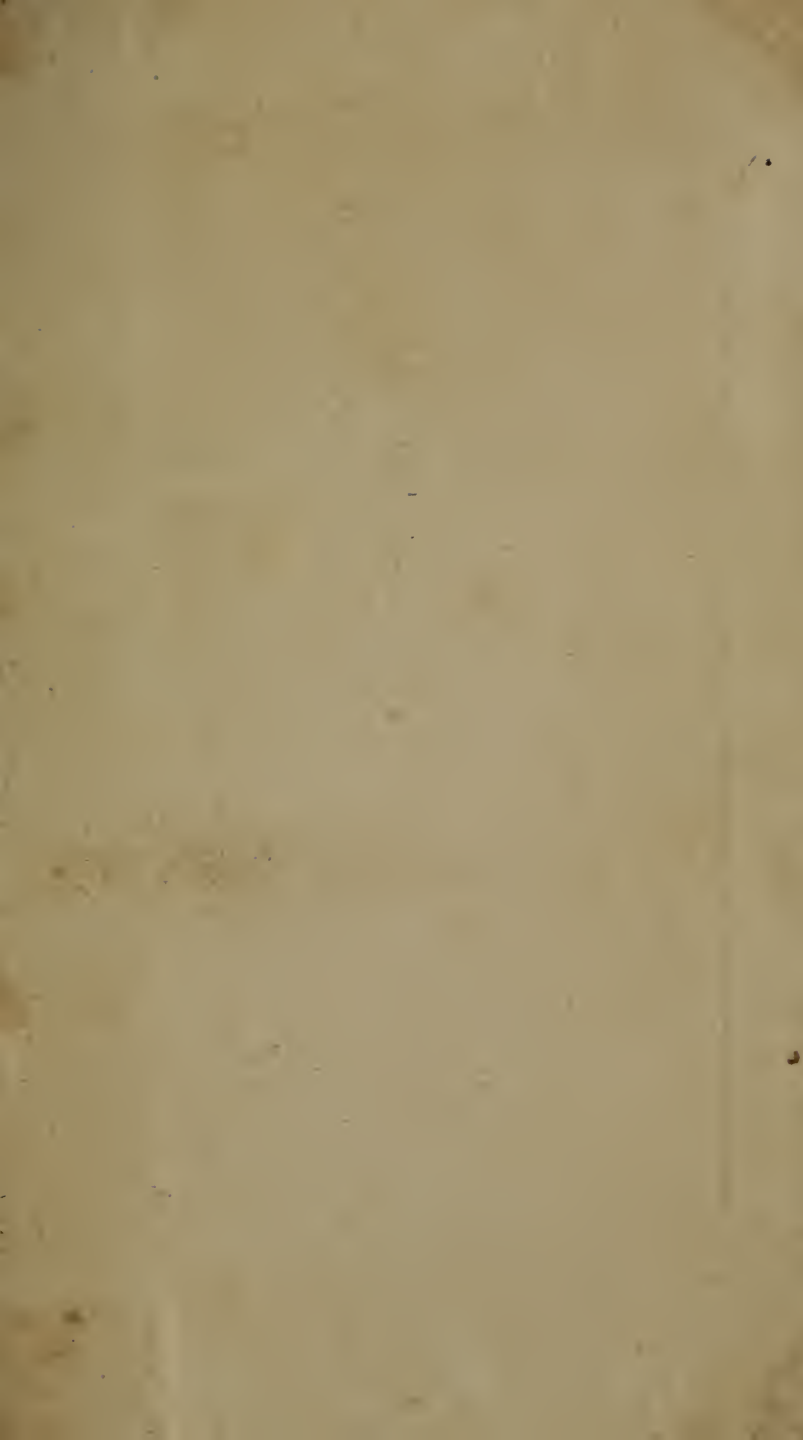
This heroic resolution drew tears of admiration and friendship from both Chili and Benigma; while our heroine, animated with a portion of her lover’s firmness, crossed her hands upon her

bosom . . . seeming to confine her secret anguish there . . . and smilingly turning her face upwards, — with a composed countenance, retired to rest, for the night.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.







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